Saturday Review

DECEMBER 29, 1962 / 25¢
YEAR-END ISSUE

RECORDINGS

THE CRITICS CHOOSE THEIR FAVORITE RECORDINGS OF '62

SR's ANNUAL REPORT ON THE MOVIES

Peter O'Toole (left) and Anthony Quinn in "Lawrence of Arabia." (See Movies)

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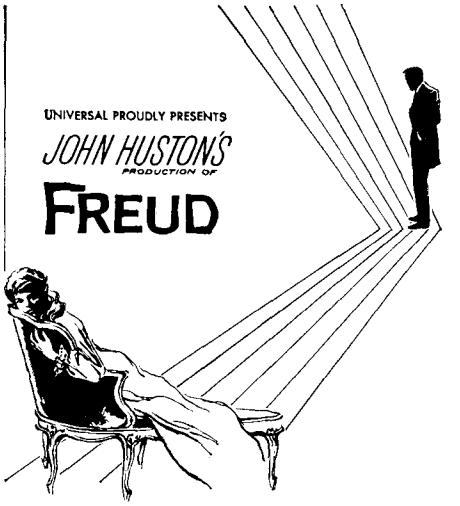

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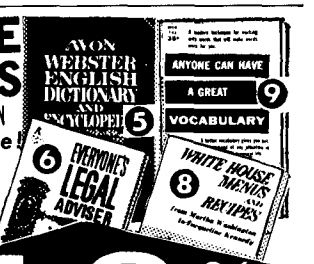
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Long Shot, Short Snort

Edited by Martin Levin

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

President Kennedy says we're going to outer space simply because it is there.
—News Item.

It may be proper to deduce
We go because it's there,
But isn't that a weak excuse
Considering the fare?
—William W. Pratt.

• • •

TED KENNEDY AND I

I'LL NEVER forget the time I met Ted Kennedy and had a brief conversation with him. It is in a way a nice memory but one that is hardly mutual because since then I have had various reminders of him, but he none of me. So while it was a unilateral affair, this meeting with the third latest to join with and make up what some are calling the Kennedy Triumvirate, it is nonetheless important historically.

It was during the winter of 1960—the day was "unlucky" January 13—and I was in Charleston staying at the Daniel Boone and covering the legislature. Neil Boggs told me at the press table that Ted Kennedy was coming to town that afternoon and had rented a parlor at the Daniel Boone for a press reception. "Come along," Neil said, and that's how come I was in on it.

There was a long table there with drinks and a waiter had been employed as a bartender. There were fellows there from the local Charleston dailies and from TV and radio. I had hardly got into the room when this handsome but rather emaciated fellow bid me welcome and asked what paper I was with and I told him the West Virginia *Hillbilly*, and right quickly he drew me over into a corner and put it to me most bluntly.

"How do you think West Virginia would go for my brother Jack?" he asked.

He gave the name of the state an r-ending, something I have since got used to at White House press conferences where words end in a. I didn't answer right off. That afternoon I had stopped in to visit a grocer man who was high in the Democrat echelons and got the real scoop on how West Virginia was going to go. The fellow was cutting meat at the time and he was extremely glad to meet me, but in a hurry. It seems that he was to meet Eleanor Roosevelt either here, or somewhere near, and the two were going to launch Adlai Stevenson as West Virginia's choice for the Presidency.

With that almost secret, and very explosive, information in hand, I just didn't know what to say to this boy. He looked so young and eager and intelligent, and so terribly, terribly hopeful, that I didn't have it within me to tell him that his brother Jack had just about as much chance of winning the West Virginia primary as I had. Fact of the matter, I had a better chance. I remembered how the West Virginia voters took to Al Smith, that other Catholic who tried for that high spot. After all, West Virginia was still about 95 per cent non-Catholic, and a member of the Bible Belt in pretty good standing.

But I couldn't put it to him without saying the state was bigoted and I looked for a way out and I saw Jake Neal coming. Jake is a high Democrat of status in the state, and at that time was State Senate doorkeeper, if I remember. He is also a good man with the talk, and I grabbed his hand in greeting and turned him over to the boy and said, "Meet Jake Neal, the man who has his ear to the ground at all times and knows a winner when he sees one." Then I fled. It just wasn't within me to break that kid's heart.
—Jim Comstock.

• • •

MINIATURIZATION IN THE MARKET (SUPER)

I BOUGHT a zipper the other day. Not ordinarily a matter for comment. But this was no ordinary zipper.

It was all curled up like an anchovy fillet in the cunningest little drum-shaped plastic box. It cost almost twice as much as the same kind of zipper used to on a piece of paper, but I *had* to have it; the cunning little box, th: is.

When it comes to cute little boxes and packages, I am one of that type of person of whom there is one born every minute. And lately, I have been seeing more and more items that appeal to my type of person.

Take yesterday for instance. My husband sent me out to get four number eight screws to put up the towel rack in the bathroom. He said they would cost about five cents at the hardware store. But I dropped into the supermarket first to pick up some eensy-teensy boxes of raisins. There are only about three raisins in each of them, but they come in such adorable little gold foil packages that only a grouch would give a hoot that the raisins cost three times as much by weight as the ugly old middle-sized box. While I was there I also picked up a bunch of those itty-bitty sacks of potato chips with about three potato chips in each. Then, golly, I saw some of the dearest little salt and pepper boxes . . . and little cleanser cans with pretty shiny paper. I noticed the contents cost three and four times as much by weight as the regular package, but Gee! I kept thinking how much would have loved to have them for my doll house when I was a little girl. So I said to myself, "Well, maybe I can't be a little girl again but I sure as anything can buy these dear little boxes of salt and pepper." And I did.

Well, I was about to leave when I noticed the little cans of beer. The cleverest little things! Not much larger than a baby food can. I couldn't think what they could be for. Then I thought how they would be just the right size to serve to any "Half-Beer-Charlies" I might know, or to tuck into the kiddies' lunch box or pop into a lady's handbag to be handy for quick refreshment.

Then I saw the screws. Now, ordinarily I can look at screws in a hardware store all day (this also goes for nails) without feeling a single quickening of the pulse, but these screws were something to behold. All four of them were nestled in a little red plastic box that had a clear, plastic, hinged lid! When I saw that hinged lid I just lost my head. After all, they only cost five times as much as they would have at the hardware store!

I'm a sucker for cute little boxes and packages, all right. But at least I have lots of company. Sometimes I think we suckers would buy those adorable little packages if there wasn't anything in them.
—Kay Haugaard.

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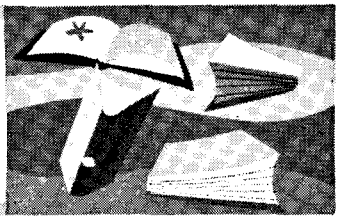
Trade Winds



IT WAS CHARLES DANA, editor of the old New York *Sun*, who many years ago laid down the dictum for a classic news story. As everybody remembers, Dana told a cub reporter: "If a dog

bites a man, that's not news. But if a man bites a dog—there's real news."

However, just a few weeks ago, we have to report, the *New York Times* fell down on the job. A K-9 guard dog used by police to put down a riot at a high school football game was bitten by one of the enthusiastic rioters. The headline "MAN BITES DOG" was nowhere to be seen. The fact was buried in the fourth paragraph, last sentence.

NEWS OF INTERIOR DECORATING comes from a visit we made recently to the very elegant reception room of an office on Fifth Avenue. It was tastefully paneled in pecky cypress, with thick pile carpets and antique coffee tables. On the latter were expensive-looking metal ash trays. We reached out to move one closer, only to discover that each ash tray was permanently screwed to the tabletop.

EARLY NEWS ON A FORTHCOMING BOOK comes from John Henry Faulk, who told us that he is writing a volume for Simon & Schuster on his harrowing experience in being blacklisted by Aware, Inc., the self-styled patriots who ruined many innocent careers in radio and television. His battle in the courts to bring the perpetrators of blacklisting to justice is one of the most heartening in modern times. But the loss of his only means of support is a less heartening story. Even winning one of the highest awards in the history of libel law has failed to remove all the scars.

"Louis Nizer, who represented me, was magnificent," Mr. Faulk told us. "He worked on the case with a passion. I can't tell you the unbelievable feeling I had when I learned I had been blacklisted. I was absolutely innocent—yet I was being fired from my job at CBS. I was stunned and dazed. I determined right then and there that I would help everybody to understand what these forces were, and exactly what was happening to traditional American liberty through them. If the book does that, I'll be gratified."

NEWS FROM THE LANGUAGE FRONT—(Slang Division) comes from Professor Allen Walker Read, of Columbia University, who wrote an article twenty years ago for *SR* on the origins of the expression "O.K." Having completed further studies on the subject, he attributes the beginnings of the phrase to a craze in Boston in 1839 for using initials in place of words. This elliptical telegraphy became so exaggerated that newspapers were barely understandable. "It shall be done" became "I.S.B.D." "O.K.K.B.W.P." meant "One kind kiss before we part."

But things got even worse. The Boston papers of the day decided to use *incorrect* first letters to make their esoteric shorthand even less intelligible. "O.W." was first used for "Oll Wright." N.S.M.J." was the symbol for "'Nuff said 'mong gentlemen."

The innocent but durable "O.K." came in to outlast them all, standing for "Oll Korrect."

IT'S NO LONGER NEWS that T. S. Eliot has become a special literary consultant to Wesleyan University Press, putting the press in touch with British authors and publishers whose works are scholarly and meritorious. As a director of the British firm Faber & Faber, T. S. Eliot is no ivory-tower poet alone. He's been an excellent businessman for many years, knows a good manuscript when he sees one, and is now extending his consulting services to a sound, five-year old press here. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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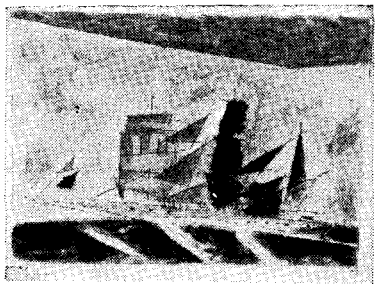

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Saturday Review
DECEMBER 29, 1962

LET'S BE ADULT

By JAMES J. WADSWORTH, *former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. He is currently president of the Peace Research Institute in Washington, D.C.*

IN COMMON with most boys of my generation, I was brought up a devoted military-preparedness advocate. I majored in military science (ROTC) at college, then enlisted in the National Guard, took my commission in the cavalry, and served with the Guard for eleven years. When war threatened in 1941 I tried to get my commission out of mothballs, but, failing my physical, took a job in an aircraft company where I "fought the war," meanwhile acting as Inspector General of a New York State Guard regiment headquartered in Buffalo.

All in all, I was and still am about as poor a candidate for what is called "pacifism" as can be imagined. By that I mean that peace, to me, is not something one espouses for religious, moral, or ethical reasons, or even political reasons. To me, peace is just the only thing that makes sense. I believe in peace precisely because I am a devoted American who would volunteer to fight for his country if she were at war; but I am also one who fervently hopes that honorable alternatives can be found to keep war from our shores and from the whole world.

It strikes me that as a first step toward finding such alternatives we Americans should take a more objective view of our "peace vs. war" posture. Let's explore that idea for the moment, in terms of a common denominator. We are all familiar with the ways children fight with each other: Somehow the whole outlook of the child seems to revolve around the question of who started the fight and who, therefore, is solely to blame. Such wrangling is part of what I call the Playground Procedure. Don't you think that the adults in high office should by now have improved a bit on the routine?

Of course, we know they haven't. Take the ever-current argument about nuclear tests. It offers plenty of material for discussion, but since September, 1961, the free world has confined itself, in the main, to reiterating the accusation that the Russians "broke the moratorium" that had "been in effect nearly three years." People seem to forget, however, that there had never been an agreed moratorium, and that on December 29, 1959, President Eisenhower proclaimed that as far as the United States was concerned, there was no moratorium and that we felt ourselves free to test at any time. People also forget that, since then, the United States has turned down no less than three suggestions on the part of the Soviets and the nonaligned states that a moratorium be entered into. Now, I have no quarrel with that policy at this time—an unpoliced moratorium can be a dangerous thing. I merely feel that when we insist on saying the Soviets "broke" a moratorium we refused to recognize as existing, we are behaving in an unadult way.

Perhaps, too, we should have listened with more care to the statements of Soviet representatives during the late summer and fall of 1958, and ever since. Many times, both at Geneva and elsewhere, we were told plainly that the Soviet Union considered it her right to conduct as many tests as had the United States and the United Kingdom put together. The main reason for Soviet resumption a year ago was indeed for the purpose of catching up, both in technology and in number of shots. I don't condone it: I think it was a bad business, but at least we were warned, even if the warning itself was not very adult.

It is interesting to note that the Soviet series conducted in 1962 seem to have occasioned only mild disturbance within the Administration, and interesting too that the decision to resume United States tests in March of 1962 was made in the full expectation that another Russian series would follow. There was considerable speculation that "after both series have been completed" the Soviets would be more amenable to a test ban treaty. But mark this well: there are few persons in official Washington today who are ready to say that the latest Soviet series will not trigger off still another United States series. And, if the United States does fire another series, what then? If the Soviets follow the Playground Procedure, we know the answer.

THE tensions of the cold war have created a strongly belligerent posture among many Americans. Some of this is understandable, some of it unjustified by the facts, and some largely a matter of public confusion over the news. I find it all over the country, however, coming from all sorts of people. They say they are tired of being pushed around and lied about and lied to; that it is time we stood up on our hind legs and did some pushing ourselves. If you ask them whether they want an all-out nuclear war, they say "no," but they don't fear it as much as they used to because they have become accustomed

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to the talk about it—perhaps "numbed" would be a better word. But they call for a military invasion of Cuba in alst the same breath as they reject war.

Perhaps the most dangerous factor in this attitude is that people who have it don't see any inconsistency in it. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why one of the great Communist inconsistencies of all time seems to have made little impression on the United States public, or the press, or even the government. This inconsistency lies in the fact that the Soviet Union incessantly calls for general and complete disarmament, and just as incessantly proclaims its support both now and in the future for "wars of liberation." How one can advocate war and disarmament in the same breath I have never been able to discover, but our most belligerent Americans fall into the same trap.

LOOK at the situation in Berlin from the standpoint of the Playground Procedure. The facts are grim: they include not only the infamous wall, but the existence of massive Soviet and East Germany military strength right across the street. Even so, would Khrushchev readily go to war over Berlin—I mean, all-out war, which could not be avoided in such a tinder box? Yet until Cuba, Khrushchev kept plac; that chip on his shoulder with bombastic and provocatory statements, and Secretary McNamara kept threatening to knock it off by proclaiming that we have loaded nuclear weapons in our airplanes, ready at the end of the runways to take off if the President gives the word.

Haven't we seen this before? Haven't we heard it over and over again in the backyards, playgrounds, and parks of our communities? The build-up for the original charge, usually to such a point where the accused has to embrace a position of aggression never contemplated; the resentment and counter-belligerence of the accused at being unfairly pushed around; the inexorable increase of pressure, tension, and bellicosity to avoid the stigma of being "chicken," with sensation seekers yapping "let's you and him fight"—this is the cold war in our world today. It is a sad commentary on our capacity for adult thought that in the last analysis so many of us still appear to prefer the "rumble"—the mindless physical conflict—for the settlement of arguments.

Consider for a moment the concept underlying the "rumble" mentality—that you are big and strong enough, no e will attack you. As it happens the writer of this article, who is six feet four inches tall and weighs 240 pounds, can controvert this notion. For, the fact is that there will always be those who are out to prove something (heaven knows what) by attacking the "big guy." The fact that he is big is no more a deterrent against attack than the penalty of the law, even of capital punishment, is enough of a deterrent against crime. Yet it is worth remembering that the big fellow himself can often control the situation by the exercise of adult thinking.

To scorn a trial by battle is very difficult. Our ingrown ideals of courage forbid us to refuse such a trial. Yet if to be strong automatically makes us a target for some (as indeed it does), then we must decide whether we are strong enough to ignore the occasional accusation of "chicken." If we have confidence that our way of doing things is better than that of our competitors, then we don't have to prove it by force. What we desperately need to do, then, is to develop a force of example which proclaims our inward force of character.

Our military-minded friends will retort that force of character cannot protect a country against a "mad dog" neighbor country, if the latter decides to attack. Probably true. But the point is that some people are more anxious to go out and shoot what they *think* is a mad dog than to make sure that it is really mad. They don't *want* to inquire whether some other action might not be more effective. There are even those who instead of killing the dog prefer to throw stones at it, or even to tie tin cans to its tail, which is what international diplomacy calls "provocative

acts." Either way, such people are not even trying to live up to their self-proclaimed label of "peace-loving."

Both the great power blocs say: "We want to survive in peace." Significantly, in the United States, that simple phrase is almost inevitably followed by the word "but": "but we cannot allow Communism to take over the world"; "but the Communists understand only the language of strength"; "but the Berlin Wall represents a challenge we can't afford to sweep under the rug." Whether these statements are right, wrong, or half-true, the important word in them is the "but," for it means that the simple phrase that precedes it, (e.g., "We want peace") is secondary in our minds. It means that we *really do not want peace* under existing conditions, and that preliminary fighting may still be necessary. We have used the same "but" for the last fifteen years to becloud our position in the disarmament debates and other negotiations involving the world's nations; and though it is only a tiny word, it has seemed to our antagonists and even some of our friends to qualify our acceptance of disarmament as a principle.

It might therefore prove helpful to everyone if we reminded ourselves, regularly and out loud, that the *primary* cause is the quest of peace and that the *secondary* part is the surmounting of the difficulties blocking that quest. Singlemindedness is a trait which can range from admirable devotion to stupid stubbornness, but unless we are single-minded about peace we might just as well forget it.

TODAY our leadership is still indulging in the same "qualifying" method of enunciating policy. The other day I heard a TV news commentator describe the United States posture in these terms: "The Administration is determined to add to our military strength in every possible way and at the same time to seek disarmament." What kind of double talk is that, and what does it really mean? Our President and our top military men tell us there is no security in piling new armaments on top of old ones, but we seem determined to do it, come what may. Why do some Americans in high office display such an appalling disregard of the world? It is customary, of course, to explain away the arms escalation by saying it is merely a reflex response to what others are doing. If we were the definite underdog in this weapons business, if we needed desperately to catch up with a much more powerful adversary, I could perhaps understand this argument. But this is not the case. We do not occupy a position of weakness at all. We have enough weapons to destroy all our potential enemies many times over.

Why then the emphasis on increasing our military potential? Is it to frighten the Soviet Union into disarmament? That simply does not make sense. If there is one truth that has been proved out in the past, it is that a strong and proud nation will go to almost any lengths to keep from being surpassed militarily—to catch up if they are behind, and to keep ahead if they are ahead. Frighten the Soviet Union into disarmament? You might just as well

(*Continued on page* 63)

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—Doug Anderson.

THE LONELY ART OF FILM-MAKING

THERE IS STILL an assumption, as the proliferation of guilds and associations in the film industry attests, that movie-making is a group enterprise—that a movie has a combined and many-faceted authorship. To a degree this is true, but only to a degree. When independent film-making largely replaced the traditional studio operation, departmentalization became less pronounced and the aim often became, oddly in view of the cumbersome techniques required, the fulfilment of a single vision. Many craftsmen still labor, and usually lovingly, to give a movie excellence, but it is no longer just M-G-M's movie, or Fox's movie, but *someone's* movie—made, ironically, with M-G-M's or Columbia's money.

In California, for instance, Stanley Kramer can be found producing and directing "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World." He initiated the project, is in complete charge of its production and direction, he will "present" it, and United Artists will pay all the bills—and Mr. Kramer besides. United Artists has also pledged the entire cost, $8,000,000 or more, of "The Greatest Story Ever Told," a story George Stevens is engrossed in telling for the screen.

The movie industry is, in fact, hardly an industry any longer. It is a relatively passive giant, dispensing patronage to those it believes in and can trust to make good film drama and entertainment and handsome profits. This patron, whether it be called Universal, United Artists, or Columbia, believes in such people as Mr. Kramer and Mr. Stevens, in Ross Hunter, in Elia Kazan, in Tony Richardson, in Carl Foreman. It believes, in other words, in certain producers, directors, writers, and, sometimes, stars. The belief is bolstered by many millions of dollars of financing, and it is the responsibility of those who benefit from this largesse to see that the money is not given in vain.

In its annual movie report, *SR* this year examines some of those who have been so magnificently trusted. Arthur Knight reports from Hollywood on the Mirisch brothers, a new breed of the independent producer. James F. Fixx, in London, tells how and why Sam Spiegel spent three years of his life producing, with David Lean, "Lawrence of Arabia." Leon Minoff finds, in Rome, a splendid director, Luchino Visconti, backed to the tune of $5,000,000 by Fox and Titanus in the filming of "The Leopard." Hollis Alpert chats in New York with Irwin Shaw, writer given the chance to produce his own writing, and has some critical word on the just-opened "Lawrence" (see page 29). And Robert Bolt, writing before he knew whether our critic liked the film or not, tells why he liked writing for Mr. Spiegel.

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STUDIOS WITHOUT WALLS

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

IN THE TEN years since the "independent" revolution began to transform the face of Hollywood, another, subtler revolution has begun to transform the face of independent production. Independence is one of those bold, vaunting words that suggest the untrammelled spirit, the unfettered mind. In films, it harks back to the absolute autonomy of a Griffith, a Chaplin, or a Goldwyn. They owned their own studios, financed their own pictures, made them their own way, and let the devil take the hindmost. If a film succeeded, theirs was the glory and the profits; if it failed—well, they could still hope that the next one might do better. Not infrequently, it did. Such pictures inevitably bore the stamp of their creator. They were unique.

When a new management took over the control of United Artists in 1950, for a time it looked as if this old tradition would be revived. U.A. provided the financing, but responsibility for the completed negative rested solely with the producer. Indeed, once script and cast approval had been granted, U.A.'s officials rarely became involved again until the picture was turned over to them for distribution. Not surprisingly, they soon attracted to their banner many of the leading film makers in Hollywood. By 1960, the "U.A. pattern" had become an important part of every major studio's operation.

What gave—and continues to give—United Artists an edge over the competition is the fact that it owns no studio. With drastic cutbacks in overall production, and an unchecked tendency to shoot movies almost anywhere except Hollywood, these vast conglomerations of concrete stages, standing sets, workshops, paint shops, and technical departments have become the industry's biggest white elephant. During the past year, entire studios have stood idle for weeks on end. Rarely have there been more than two or three companies at work on any one lot simultaneously. Even television film production, although it continues to take up some of the slack, has begun to defect from the majors as the more successful shows take over small studios of their own. But whether facilities are in use or not, the high studio overhead continues.

Within a few years of the successful launching of their experiment, however, the United Artists executives began to proceed with a bit more caution. Although their system yielded a high quotient of excellent and highly profitable pictures—including such memorable titles as "High Noon," "The African Queen," and "Marty"—not all efforts were equally successful. In the old days of big studio production, with perhaps fifty films rolling off each studio's assembly line each year, the clinkers could generally be amortized by the income from the hits. U.A. was not in that happy position. The producer of a box-office winner was hardly inclined to relinquish his profits as a grant-in-aid to some weaker sister.

U.A.'s heads came up with a characteristically ingenious solution. Instead of making a deal with an independent for a single feature, they negotiated for two, three, or more, the profits from one to offset possible losses on the others. It was a form of hedging their bets—and the more films covered, the wider the hedge. Established names, box-office names, of course, could still negotiate one-picture deals. But the stage was set for a new kind of entrepreneur, the producer who could deliver a large bundle of entertainment all neatly packaged and prudently cross-collateralized. The stage was set, in a word, for the emergence of the Mirisch Company, Seven Arts, and former U.A. executive Max Youngstein's Entertainment Corporation of America.

A few months ago, the Mirisch Company celebrated its fifth anniversary. In that time, according to a press release, the Mirisches had produced eighteen pictures (all of them released through

Independent production, Mirisch style—"Irma la douce," left, and "West Side Story."

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United Artists, incidentally), had grossed almost $100,000,000, and had won sixteen Academy Awards. Their titles include such palpable hits as "West Side Story," "Some Like It Hot," and "The Apartment," plus such notable efforts as "The Children's Hour." Currently before their cameras are "Toys in the Attic," "Irma la Douce," and Jessamyn West's "Summer Flight"—the first of some twenty announced for the next two years. Their directors' roster includes virtually every top-ranking Hollywood name except George Stevens and John Huston. But their permanent staff consists of only a dozen people.

THE meteoric rise of the Mirisches is the kind of success story that the industry loves—and, if possible, loves to emulate. Born in New York, the three brothers who head the company literally worked their way up through the ranks. Harold, the president of the Mirisch Company, began as an office boy at Warners; Marvin, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, was an office boy at Grand National; while Walter, now the executive in charge of production, got his start as an usher at Jersey City's State Theatre. After a wide variety of experience that embraced everything from theatre operation to film booking to candy concessions, the three eventually came together at Allied Artists, a studio noted primarily for low-budgeted sensationalism. In 1956, in a bid for prestige, Allied contracted with John Huston, Billy Wilder, and William Wyler for a pair of films apiece that they would both produce and direct. When the first two, "Friendly Persuasion" and "Love in the Afternoon," proved neither prestigious nor profitable, Allied called the whole thing off. But in the meantime, they had planted the seed of the Mirisch Company.

For the Mirisches, the director is the key to their whole operation. "If you have a top director like Billy Wilder or Billy Wyler," Harold Mirisch explained recently, "they bring in the stars automatically. Actors want to work with them. And your problems of putting a package together are just that much less." To lure directors, Mirisch not only offers them wide latitude in their choice of stories, but, as part of the Mirisch Company service to its independent producer-directors, looks after such essential yet non-creative chores as contract negotiations, distribution deals, advertising and publicity, and even the box-office scale for Mirisch attractions. As Walter Mirisch put it, "The unique thing about our company is that it's really an independent managerial service, a fruition of the whole idea of independent production." By leaving the film maker free to concentrate on his directing, they reason, they will end up with a quality production—a quality production, incidentally, of which they will own a percentage. And if you own enough percentages of enough films . . .

Although in the next two years the company will probably turn out as many pictures as most major studios, the Mirisches believe in keeping small and flexible. Presently based on the Goldwyn lot in the heart of Hollywood, owning no studio, they can expand or contract as production warrants, retaining only a small cadre of personnel during the periods when they have nothing shooting. This way, they feel, they never need be pushed into making a film just because they have a plant, and people standing idle. "And if necessary," Harold Mirisch once stated, glancing about his far from palatial white office, "even I can find smaller quarters."

In practice, since their offices are at the Goldwyn studio, most of their Hollywood-based productions are shot there as well, on stages rented as the need arises. "Toys in the Attic" and "Irma la Douce" are under way there at this very moment; the interiors for both "Two for the Seesaw" and "West Side Story" were filmed at Goldwyn's. But if their scripts should indicate shooting abroad, they have no studio commitments—or overheads—to hold them in California. Like most Hollywood producers these days, they bridle at the suggestion that their overseas productions might be "runaways." "We simply go where the picture can be made best," Harold says, and hastens to add that with mounting production costs abroad, and the lower efficiency of foreign crews, there is precious little to be gained financially by leaving home. Nevertheless, the Mirisches are rapidly becoming global. "The Magnificent Seven" was shot in Mexico; currently in the works are "Summer Flight" in England, "The Great Escape" in Germany, and "The Pink Panther" in Italy. Coming up are "The Great Race," which has been described as a kind of "Around the World in 80 Days" on wheels; and "Hawaii," for which Fred Zinnemann has already conducted a location search that has taken him from Honolulu to the Danish fjords.

BEHIND every success story lies a reason—a need discovered and fulfilled. If the Mirisches, in the five years of their togetherness, have been phenomenally successful, it is because simultaneously they have met not one but three separate needs. For a distributor, they offer an assurance of quality product with a minimum of risk. To be sure, not all of the Mirisch pictures have been hits. They still shudder over the returns on "Man in a Net" and "By Love Possessed." At the same time, however, "The Magnificent Seven" rolled up the biggest foreign gross of any American film in 1961, while "West Side Story" is expected to rack up over $30,000,000 in the world market.

More important, the arrangement has won the approval of the film makers. For in addition to providing them with all the physical necessities for shooting a picture, and relieving them of most of the economic pressures of production, the Mirisches have a policy of minimal interference. If the producer-director wants production counsel, either Harold or Walter is on hand to provide it. (Occasionally, Walter functions as a producer in his own right; he is now doing "Toys in the Attic" for the company.) But once the production is set, the script approved, the cast assembled, they prefer to remain on the sidelines, coming forward only when the picture runs into serious trouble—as when "West Side Story" began to go dangerously over budget. Some proof of the success of this policy is the number of top directors who now have multiple picture deals with the Mirisches. Increasingly, the company resembles the old studios, with their lists of contract directors, contract stars, and contracted properties. But it is a studio without walls, streamlined for this new era of picture making.

MOST important of all, however, is what the Mirisch operation has meant to the average moviegoer, the audience. To attract name directors in a highly competitive market, they have had to search out challenging themes and stories, or provide the means for directors to make pictures of their own choosing. They have had to surround them with top-flight production facilities and casts. And they have worked out a system to insure that the maximum of each dollar spent actually turns up on the screen. From that point, success or failure becomes the director's responsibility. But no director for the Mirisch Company can claim that he was hamstrung by prefabricated scripts, hobbled by contract players, or crushed beneath the weight of studio overhead.

The spread of the Mirisch idea to other firms and organizations is perhaps the most hopeful sign of all for a resurgence of American production. It means, of necessity, that competition will be increasingly in terms of quality, that the lures for talent will be unusual properties, and the creative freedom to make them as they see fit. Meanwhile, the major studios go on grinding out pictures that can be used on television in 1972.

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THE SPIEGEL TOUCH

Producer Sam Spiegel, left, with David Lean, director of "Lawrence of Arabia."

By JAMES F. FIXX

LONDON.

ONE DAY last year, according to a story making the rounds among the international film set, producer Sam Spiegel ("Bridge on the River Kwai," "The African Queen," "On the Waterfront") picked up the phone in his London office. At the other end of the line was Billy Wilder, one of Hollywood's most famous names and a writer, producer, and director whose earnings are enough to give him a respectable rank among the country's major industries. Wilder said he happened to be in London and understood that Spiegel was having difficulty getting a satisfactory script for a film he wanted to do. Yes, Spiegel said, he was; several writers had tried it but none had even come close.

"Sam," said Wilder, "I'll work on it for you for three weeks, free, if you'll do something for me."

"It's a deal," said Spiegel. "What can I do?"

Wilder explained that he would like to spend the three weeks in a suite at the Hotel de Paris on the Riviera. The difficulty was that the suite he wanted was always held in readiness for special guests of Prince Rainier of Monaco and was never available to anyone else for more than three days at a time.

"I'll call you back," said Spiegel.

Twenty minutes later Spiegel called Wilder. "It's all set," he said. "You have the suite for three weeks."

Thereupon, Wilder headed for the Hotel de Paris to rewrite the script. Meanwhile Spiegel, who hadn't had the vaguest idea how he was going to get Wilder into Prince Rainier's suite, started hurriedly pulling all the tangled strings that would make his promise good.

Even if this story were totally apocryphal (and the most reliable indications are that it is not), it would nevertheless illustrate several astounding facets of an astounding personality. For Sam Spiegel, one of the canniest, most ingenious, and most resourceful producers in the world today, has enormous confidence in his own ability to get things done, the performance record to justify that confidence, and a consistent serendipity that is the envy and the despair of lesser men.

ALL these qualities come together as never before in Spiegel's latest film, "Lawrence of Arabia" (see page 29), a movie as remarkable in its way as the man behind it is in his. And there is no question, despite the roster of big names involved, exactly who is behind it. Says Spiegel simply: "Somebody has to be the boss."

The boss in this case is a rotund, energetic, cigar-smoking man of sixty or so who has an almost legendary ability to bring together divergent men, ideas, and visions and somehow weld their differences and contradictions into a film whose seams rarely show the tensions and strains that have gone into it. It is this ability that makes Spiegel a kind of focal point at which all the lines of independent film production come together. For an understanding of what independent production means, there could hardly be a better tutor than Sam Spiegel; and for an understanding of Spiegel, there could hardly be a better touchstone than "Lawrence of Arabia" and his attitudes toward it. Spiegel, like T. E. Lawrence, is a bafflingly complex person. His cultured Viennese accent, with its overtones of London and Park Avenue, can at one moment convey a meltingly persuasive charm, and at the next dismiss an idea or person with one crisp word. He can be as guileless as a child or, when it suits his purposes, his associates say, he can plot with the patience and strategic cunning of a grand master at chess. But above all, he knows how to get his way.

Spiegel's way with movies and people has developed over some thirty-five years in films, first as an adviser on foreign story material for M-G-M, later in preparing American films for foreign distribution (the anti-war classic "All Quiet on the Western Front" was among them), and finally as a successful in-

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dependent producer long before most men had even thought of producing movies on their own. His very first independent production, in the Thirties, enabled him to buy a house in Berlin and to start gathering paintings by Rouault, Picasso, Chagall, Monet, Degas, and a vast spectrum of other artists that make the Spiegel collection today look like a Who's Who of top painters.

But it was in 1947 that Spiegel really began to hit his stride. In that year he and John Huston formed Horizon Pictures, Spiegel's present organization (Huston and he later parted, but Spiegel retained the Horizon name). Some memorable movies followed, among them "We Were Strangers," "On the Waterfront," "Bridge on the River Kwai," and "Suddenly Last Summer."

Today, as an undisputed master of the producer's art, Spiegel is strikingly articulate in talking about what he is doing, whether he is explaining to a director the precise effect he wants or to a visitor the mood he has tried to imprint on celluloid. Part of this articulateness, which takes the form of precise, rhythmic sentences that could be dropped unchanged into one of his scripts, is no doubt the result of his study of economics, dramatic literature, and languages at the University of Vienna in his native Austria. But part is also a tenacious, single-minded passion for seeing films steadily and seeing them whole. Even when most deeply involved in the minutiae of producing a movie—as he was with the finishing touches of "Lawrence" when I talked with him a few days ago—he is nevertheless able to discuss the total impact, the sweep, the emotional coloring of great stretches of film as few men can.

AS we rode out to the Shepperton Studios, some seventeen miles from London, in his chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce, Spiegel explained what the legend of T. E. Lawrence meant to him and what he had tried to bring to the audience. He talked of the legend's baffling contradictions—how Lawrence, the young English adventurer who led the Arab tribes in their war against the Ottoman Empire from 1916 to 1918, combined meekness and humility with unbelievable vanity and affection for power, a professed reverence for human life with a taste for epic blood baths, a searching introspection with action so swift and irrevocable that it seemed at times an unthinking reflex, and how, after becoming known as the Uncrowned King of Arabia, he sought forgetfulness and anonymity as an ordinary aircraftman in the Royal Air Force.

Many people have tried to explain Lawrence, and many of their explanations have some plausibility. Anthony Nutting, for example, argues in his "Lawrence of Arabia" that part of the key lies in Lawrence's discovery when he was about ten that he was an illegitimate child: "This discovery seems to have instilled in T. E. an obsession to prove himself better than his fellows, to show that in spite of his background—which set him apart from all his friends and associates—he could excel them in every way. This compulsion was in part responsible for driving him throughout three quarters of his life to make superhuman demands upon his mind and body."

But as I talked with Spiegel, who has been fascinated by the legend since Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" was first published in 1922, he emphasized that the endless speculation about Lawrence's motives was of small concern to him as a film producer. "I'm trying not to resolve the legend," he said, "but to perpetuate it. This film says to the audience: 'All right, you've seen the man. Now you form your own evaluation of him.' There's really no way to resolve clearly what made Lawrence tick, and that's why the film doesn't even try. There must be a coauthorship of the audience."

"Lawrence," he went on, "has the intriguing quality of having been a controversial legend for a long time, and for this reason he has remained almost a contemporary character. The secret of the fascination with Lawrence is that he was not only an adventurer in fact, but an adventurer in spirit as well. He combined the adventurousness of Galileo, Luther, and Marco Polo. Like them, he crossed not only physical distances but philosophical distances."

Spiegel said it is this concentrated involvement with adventure, combined with Lawrence's deep need to be known and admired for his adventures, that persuaded him to bring "Lawrence" to the screen. "Each one of us," he told me, "has the same contradictions Lawrence had. And each of us is also a bit of the charlatan, as Lawrence certainly was. Even saints are not satisfied to be saints in private: they want to show people their stigmata."

The method used in the film, Spiegel explained, was "to try to come, obliquely and through certain facets of his exploits, to Lawrence's personality." The fundamental problem, he said, was that, while the movie is necessarily concerned with physical action, it also had to come to grips with the restless intellectual search that was the true heart of Lawrence's adventures. And a reading of the script does indeed show that all the film's action—even when it is most a spectacle, even when the Super Panavision screen is filled with hundreds of horses and camels and with shouting, fighting Turks and Arabs—is seen through a clearly delineated point of view. Spectacle never seems to be presented merely for the sake of spectacle. As Spiegel says, "We never used a thousand horses when a couple of hundred would do just as well."

IT is this attention to dramatic values rather than to bigness that has given Spiegel a reputation for being able to make a backer's dollar go about as far as any producer could possibly make it go. "I'll spend money to enhance the drama of a film," he says, "but never to create meaningless spectacle." Just how far the dollar has gone in "Lawrence," however, is Spiegel's own secret. "I don't want this picture to be judged by the amount of money we spent," he says. "I want it to be judged only as a film." Reliable estimates, however, put the cost at substantially over $10,000,000.

Spiegel is an accomplished diplomat who is able to get the most out of the people he works with. "Sam is a demanding person," says an associate who has worked for nearly three years on "Lawrence." "He's a great and persuasive talker and always knows how to get what he wants. But if he doesn't like you, then you might as well quit."

The people who counted in "Lawrence," however, did not quit, despite what must occasionally have been an overwhelming temptation to do so. For rarely has a picture caused such raw hardship for the people involved in it. From Sam Spiegel, who commuted between London and the desert shooting site 250 miles from the port of Aqaba and over 100 miles from the nearest oasis, to the actors and technicians who had to work in 125-degree temperatures, the entire unit lived as Lawrence and the Arab warriors had themselves lived during their desert campaigns. For visual authenticity was what Spiegel and director David Lean were after, and this remote site was the place, and in their minds the only place, that offered it. Horizon Pictures Ltd. established offices in the capital city of Amman, shipped equipment through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to Aqaba to set up shooting sites there, and finally cut a 250-mile path with Land Rovers and Austin Gypsies to a spot in the desert that had until then been unmarked on any map. Since water requirements for personnel, camels, and horses were as much as 35,000 gallons a day, a fleet of fourteen tank trucks made continuous 200-mile circuits to the oasis at El Hasa. Under the cruel desert regimen, the weight loss among

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members of the unit averaged fifteen pounds.

Nearly 3,000 Bedouin were used in ne of the sequences, but difficulty eveloped when the unit learned that Bedouin women are not permitted to appear before cameras, since it is considered bad luck to permit another man to own a picture of one's wife. When women were needed for authenticity, twenty of them were obtained from a Christian church at Aqaba whose priest gave them special permission.

Finally, after nearly a year in the desert, the "Lawrence" unit moved—or, more properly, retreated—to Seville, Spain. "The physical conditions had become so difficult," says Spiegel, "that I realized the picture would never be properly finished. The unit would have physically collapsed. The logistics alone created a problem that even an army couldn't resolve. While we were out in the desert, British soldiers were in the port of Kuwait. They had to be rotated home for rests despite the fact that their fleet was there to support them. But there's no desert like it anywhere in the world. I've never regretted my part in what we did."

Then, after discussing the three years of intricate planning and hardship that d gone into "Lawrence," the man ho had spent several million dollars on the film looked reflectively at the glowing end of his cigar and said quietly: "If we haven't succeeded, then we've made a terrible mistake."

49 Continued

DRYDEN
Lawrence, only two kinds of creature get 'fun' in the desert, Bedouins ... and - (his gaze wanders round the photographs of silent sun-scorched figures and the fragments of stone) - gods. And you're neither. Take it from me for ordinary men it's a burning fiery furnace.

DRYDEN is irritably tapping a black Russian cigarette for himself.

LAWRENCE steps forward, takes a box of matches and lights it for him.

LAWRENCE
(very quietly)
No, Dryden, it's going to be fun.

The set intensity of his expression is in utter contradiction to his words.

50 CLOSE UP. DRYDEN. He looks from the burning match in LAWRENCE's fingers to LAWRENCE's face.

DRYDEN
(rather sourly)
It is recognized that you have a funny sense of fun.

51 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. He smiles and raises the flame to his lips. He bows it out in the normal manner.

DISSOLVE TO

52 SUNRISE IN THE DESERT:

A series of shots taken with an under-cranked camera so that the change from grey dawn to brilliant sunlight is speeded. The audience should be unaware of the trick process, but from the first appearance of the sun over the horizon and the casting of the first shadow there should be a constant sense of movement as the sun rises higher and higher and the shadows grow shorter and shorter. Prominent in the composition of almost every shot should be the *footprints of two camels. We do not see the actual camels until* the series of under-cranked shots are finished and we

CUT TO

Page of Robert Bolt's script for "Lawrence of Arabia."

THE PLAYWRIGHT IN FILMS

By ROBERT BOLT, *author of the play "A Man for All Seasons," which won the Critic's Circle Award, and of the screenplay for "Lawrence of Arabia," which opened this week.*

IN THEORY at any rate, the purpose of a theatre production is to realize the play as written. Since the writer wrote it, he is assumed to know most about it. Even very important actors in the theatre would claim, as a matter of pride, to submit themselves to the intention of even a very unimportant author.

One reason for this is that the author in the theatre can claim brotherhood, however junior, with Sartre, Beckett, Williams, and Miller, and descent, however attenuated, from Chekhov, Congreve, and Shakespeare.

It is not so in films. The ordinary cinemagoer can name you half a dozen film actors. The conscious film financier can name you half a dozen film directors. Only a professional film maker could name you half a dozen film writers—and that with a strictly professional intonation, as useful chaps to employ, perhaps at short notice. If he names them with respect as artists it will be because they have won respect elsewhere, as John Steinbeck and Graham Greene have.

One man directs a film from start to finish; one man produces it from start to finish; but half a dozen men may have collaborated on the script. And "collaborated" often means that they were called in piecemeal.

Here I must explain that my own recent experience writing the screenplay for the film "Lawrence of Arabia" (and it is my first film script) has not been thus.

Coming to film writing in a state of perfect ignorance, I assumed that my status as writer would be that of a writer in the theatre, and the generosity of Sam Spiegel and David Lean allowed them to accord it to me, with some little amusement, I think. If I now have quite strong feelings about the status of the writer in films it is because I know that my experience was exceptional, and because even these colleagues from time to time revealed an assumption about the nature of writing which seems to me damaging, and because I have come to understand from them something of the beauty and power of this medium.

Put briefly, and harshly, the writer in films is an idea man with the gift of the gab. Of course he should be both those things; that is, should be inventive and articulate (articulate on paper I mean, he may not be articulate in conversation; heaven help him then in those late night "conferences" in hotel bedrooms). But in addition a writer in any dramatic medium has, or should have, a sense of form.

And this is something impossible to communicate. The over-all shape of any piece of dramatic writing can't be seen until it's completed. Until completion it is sensed intuitively by the writer if at all. He senses intuitively that a scene should go thus and not thus because the yet unwritten scenes to follow are taking shape beyond the reach of his conscious mind. If he is challenged on the scene he cannot give his real reasons because he doesn't yet know them. He only knows he has them.

The challenge will be intelligently and specifically leveled and must be met. Intense discussion then takes place on every aspect of the scene except the vital one of form, because that is unknown. The writer must accept the terms of the discussion and defend himself with those. If he is very sure of his intention, and very wily, he will use the terms as counters with which to win the game and get, quite coldly, his own way. More probably, because the discussion is intense and serious, he will enter in wholeheartedly and be convinced, and leave the conference having undertaken to do things he feels, vaguely but passionately, he ought not to do.

OF course an intuition can be clarified by discussion or even quite properly discarded. The heat of discussion can produce a flash of authentic inspiration—not always the writer's. But there is a limit to what a writer can discuss about his work in progress, and I think that in the world of films this is not recognized, or is recognized unwillingly and only in theory. If you ask an electrician why he is joining this wire to that plug he doesn't say, "I have a feeling that I should"; he gives you an answer which is precise and exhaustive. The film writer is regarded as a techni-

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cian, like an electrician. It is the director who is allowed to have the final and authoritative mystery.

I think there are two good reasons why this is so, must be so, and should be so.

The first is simple. To mount a big play in the theatre can be costly and complicated. But it is child's play by comparison with the mounting of a big film. Squads of technicians, hordes of actors, boatloads of equipment are brought together, dispersed, brought together again. It may go on for months. How, in exact terms, they are to be employed is the province of the director. For his art is to know the image he can make of them on all that footage of film. These myriad images must then be juxtaposed so as to augment and not destroy each other—I mean the film must then be "cut." This, too, is the art of the director. The film is his because he commands both the camera and the scissors.

The second reason for the necessary autocracy of the director springs from the first. Whoever commands the image on the screen is master, because the image is incomparably bright. How vivid and convincing are those two-dimensional redskins and pirates, how shadowy and equivocal we solid citizens in the audience. The figures on the screen may perform prodigies of absurdity yet they dominate us. Their image lances straight into our minds and criticism is the merest afterthought. How often we sit happily through a film of which the mind remarks correctly, but quite idly, "This is rubbish." It is so of no other medium. By comparison, print is invisible, words inaudible.

THE danger, to the medium, of this facile forcefulness is obvious. Why is it that so many goodish films, like Chinese meals, satisfy us at the showing and quickly leave us feeling empty? The actors are brilliant; so are the camera work and direction. What else is there?

I think it is form that is missing, and form is, and must be, the province of the writer.

The director must and should be master. That is why some good film writers have given over writing for direction. But that is a solution for themselves alone. For the medium as a whole, I feel sure that director and writer must somehow find a way of working where each can respect finally the other's mystery. It sounds difficult to the point of impossibility. But my happy and instructive work on "Lawrence of Arabia" has convinced me that it can be done.

THE JOYS OF UNCERTAINTY

By HOLLIS ALPERT

THE screenwriter who writes on speculation — that is, one who writes a movie without prior backing or commitment from a studio or a producer—is regarded as a foolhardy, not to say foolish, fellow by the wealthier members of the Screen Writers Guild. The proper procedure is to put finger to typewriter only after an agreed-upon sum has been paid for an outline or "treatment." If the treatment is satisfactory, a much larger sum is handed over for the development of a shooting script. No one knows this procedure better than novelist-playwright-short story writer Irwin Shaw, who, for twenty years, has jobbed out screenplays for several of our top-rung producers and directors.

Yet during the past twelve months Shaw has discovered that speculative screenplay writing can offer its own rewards and pleasures, some of them monetary. I talked with him when he came to New York recently for the purpose of consulting on casting for his new play, "Children from Their Games," for the publication of a new collection of short stories, and for the releasing of his self-produced movie, "In the French Style." It had occurred to him, he said, "that he had taken very little soul-satisfaction from his film writing efforts in the past, nor had he been particularly proud of films made from his novels and short stories.

"I guess 'The Young Lions' came closest to making a good movie," he said, "but I'm afraid I must hold Marlon Brando responsible, through his characterization of the young Nazi officer, for his distortion of the point of view of both the novel and the screenplay. It came out his way, not my way. I kept telling myself that I ought to do something in films the way I *knew* it should be done. But no matter what your standing or salary in the screenwriting profession, the work you do is not your own. And at times I haven't been able to recognize on the screen what the credits say is my own handiwork.

"I have learned that a so-called helpful conference with a couple of producers, their wives, a director, and a star or two can result in the chipping away of a notion or an idea until it resembles only the most familiar clichés. And, once a picture has begun, the last person wanted on the set is the writer. I once made a foray onto the set and discovered that during the night the director's wife had rewritten the scene to be shot."

This perhaps explains why, last winter, Shaw hid himself away in his favorite hideaway, Klosters in the Swiss Alps, and furtively worked on a screenplay, using as the basic material three of his short stories. During its gestation the script was talked about only to family and friends, although one of those friends happened to be Robert Parrish, a skiing partner and also a film director. Parrish vowed his eternal directorial fealty to the screenplay, and he and Shaw formed a film production company called Casanna Productions, in honor of the Alpine slopes on which they skied.

The story Shaw had fashioned was called "In the French Style" and dealt with an American girl in Paris whose painting ambitions were backed for a year by the savings of her Chicago father. Her Paris sojourn, however, lasted for five years, during which time she became immersed in the life of the city, and accepted its pleasures and disappointments, until the time came to say goodbye to all that. "I became a producer," Shaw said, "to protect what I had written."

SHAW first took his script to United Artists, a firm known for sometimes backing a new independent, "if he can get himself a star." The star, or semi-star, Shaw had in mind was Barbara Harris, of the off-Broadway play, "Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, . . ., etc." He had been told, he said, "that the story was a great vehicle for Barbara Harris. I liked her in the play, and began negotiations with her, but these broke off when I learned that Richard Rodgers had a prior claim on her services. Meanwhile, my brother, David Shaw, kept telling me that Jean Seberg was my girl. I knew Jean, but thought of her as someone who had gotten off to an unfortunate start in an earlier movie—hardly a unique thought with me, by the way."

Shaw's brother pointed out to him however, that Miss Seberg had been coming on strong in some French New Wave films, that she was a living example of a girl who went to Paris and stayed there for five years, and that in

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Writer turned producer—Irwin Shaw, standing at left, on a set for "In the French Style."

"The Five Day Lover" she had shown herself to be an actress of charm and ability. "Bob Parrish and I went to see that movie," Shaw said, "and we decided David was right about her. The scene of my producing saga now shifts to Lisbon, where Jean was on vacation. We gave her the script to read, and she called us two hours later and told us, strictly, that if she was not chosen to play the girl, she would cut us dead thereafter."

Negotiations shifted to Columbia Pictures, to which firm Jean Seberg was bound by contract. Columbia looked with favor on the package deal now being offered—a finished screenplay from some Irwin Shaw short stories, a producer (Shaw), a director (Parrish), a star (Seberg)—and no salary for the producer, the writer, and the director. "In other words," Shaw said, "we offered to do it for nothing, in return for financial backing, and freedom from control. Our end, if there was to be any, would come from eventual profit of the picture."

The budget decided upon, in some mysterious way, was exactly $557,000. Casanna Productions rented space at the Billancourt Studios near Paris and embarked upon an eight-week shooting schedule. Shaw suddenly discovered something new about himself: that, as the producer of his own material, he enjoyed rewriting scenes he had previously regarded as finished. "I'd look at rushes," he said, "and see some fault that was clearly not in the directing or the acting, but in the script. Then I'd get right to work and do a new scene, staying up all night if necessary so as not to delay the production."

He was on the set at all times, at the studio twelve hours a day. At one point he cried agonizingly: "Good God, her hair isn't right. It's got to be done over." This gave Miss Seberg the shivers, as she remembered her hair being carved away under the direction of Otto Preminger. The hairdresser soothed Miss Seberg and Shaw, and combed the star's hair into more appropriate place. In Nice for two days for a sailing scene, Shaw paled when told by the weather bureau that the calm seas provided for in the script would not be available on schedule. "I'll be on the pier at seven in the morning," he told Parrish, "and will rewrite the scene according to the height of the waves." Blue skies and calm seas prevailed, however. "In the words of the late L. B. Mayer," Shaw said, "God was on our side."

When the film was completed and had gone to the editing rooms, Shaw counted up the money spent and found there was some left over. "It seems we did that unheard of thing," he said. "We brought the picture in under budget. It's not considered very producer-like, but I saved Columbia $26,000." Columbia spokesmen now say that they have a film of major proportions and quality for what amounts to a low-budget price. No one, carefully, is drawing any conclusions from this, but Shaw and Parrish have been offered backing for other films, and Miss Seberg has had her contract renewed for six more pictures. "She should indeed," Shaw said, "be able to continue living in Paris in style."

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LUCHINO VISCONTI—NEW OLD MASTER

By LEON MINOFF, *a free-lance writer in Europe specializing in films.*

ROME.

LUCHINO VISCONTI'S eminence as Europe's most versatile director rests on six operas, twenty-nine plays, and six and one third films. It doesn't rest in America. We have been able to see only one of his movies —"Rocco and His Brothers" (cut by at least thirty minutes)—plus the lagniappe called "The Job" in "Boccaccio '70."

Yet one and sometimes two of his works have an increasing habit of turning up on those Ten-Best-Movies-of-All-Time lists. His first, "Ossessione," was even based on an American novel (James Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice") and is credited with having pioneered, back in 1942, the whole direction of neo-realist film-making in Italy. His second, "La Terra Trema" ("The Earth Trembles"), was made in 1947. It went on to take first prize at Venice, is regarded as Visconti's masterpiece, and is considered by such sedulous critics as Derek Prouse of the London *Sunday Times* to rank loftily among the finest and "purest" films ever made. Neither movie has ever been shown here, not in the art theatres or the museums.

In a few months Visconti's newest picture, "The Leopard," based on the celebrated novel by Giuseppe di Lampedusa, will be released. It is Visconti's first "international" film, co-financed by an American company (Twentieth Century-Fox), and shot predominantly in English with a big American star (Burt Lancaster). Moreover, as a result of "Rocco's" commercial success, Visconti for the first time has been given all the time (about seven months) and all the money (about $5,000,000) he needed to make a movie. (All his films before "Rocco" lost money.)

Meanwhile, a question nags: Why haven't we been able to see the masterworks of a man who is said to form—with Fellini and Antonioni—one of the triumvirate of today's great Italian directors?

While editing "The Leopard" at Rome's Titanus Studios recently, Visconti offered some answers of his own and reluctantly talked about his life and work. He dislikes giving interviews and is patently indifferent to publicity. He had spent five months in Sicily's simmering summer fighting the Mafia, the sun, and his art, and he looked older than his fifty-six years. He is a craggily handsome man with steely eyes and a deep voice. A millionaire aristocrat with a keen social consciousness, he has been accused of looking at the world from the bottom down, of voting left and living right. When Visconti is directing he is all tortured energy. A tense silence prevails on a Visconti set. He inspires in his associates an inordinate amount of respect, and a measure of awe.

A letter had come from New York's Museum of Modern Art which said: "Everyone in this country is dying to see 'La Terra Trema' and 'Ossessione,' but apparently neither can be shown here because the Italians are reluctant to export a film of the political coloration of 'La Terra Trema' and because M-G-M owns the rights to 'The Postman Always Rings Twice' and forbids the importation of 'Ossessione.' We have tried to get both without success."

"That part about 'Ossessione' is true," Visconti said, "but I'm not so sure about the other. 'La Terra Trema' has been shown in London and Paris and many other places. In fact, the British Film Institute has a permanent copy. I don't know why it hasn't been seen in America. Perhaps because when it came out it was a bad time for you—your McCarthy period. I financed the picture myself and later I sold the foreign rights. I think times have changed and I have heard someone is now negotiating the rights in America."

WHEN Visconti began making "Ossessione" in late 1941, his credentials as a director were nil. He was already thirty-seven years old—a highly cultured grandee without a profession. He had wanted to be a designer and a few years earlier worked briefly in Paris as Jean Renoir's third assistant (Henri Cartier-Bresson was the second) on "Partie de Campagne," a film that was never completed.

"Before I met Renoir," says Visconti, "I dabbled in the theatre in very marginal capacities—painting scenery and so forth. For eight years I was totally absorbed in horses. It was my great passion and I thought of nothing else." The analogy he has often drawn between handling horses and actors has not disturbed the likes of Maria Callas ("I did it only for you," she told the director after their triumphant "La Traviata" at La Scala) or Burt Lancaster, who, after three weeks on "The Leopard," announced that "Visconti is the best director I've ever worked with."

Although mainly an *espresso*-getter with Renoir ("I also looked after the costumes"), the experience gave Visconti a new direction, and he went back to Italy to try to write film scripts—all brown-penciled by the Fascist ministry which wanted goose-stepping dramas or comic flummeries. Then, among old papers, he found a typewritten French translation of Cain's novel which Renoir had once given him. He wrote a script loosely drawn from the plot and it was "miraculously" passed by the authorities—partly because the story, though re-set in Italy, was so non-Italian, and largely because Visconti showed them only what he wanted them to see.

Alberto De Rossi, make-up artist on all Visconti films, is fond of recalling those early days. "We shot it in Ferrara, and the first morning Visconti waited four hours for a cloud formation. We'd never seen anything like it before and thought he was crazy, this dilettante. We never saw any rushes because they were shown secretly in Rome. He kept on doing things like the cloud business and we kept on thinking he was crazy." De Rossi also tells how Visconti would sneak around at night painting over the ubiquitous Fascist slogans on the walls. "Mussolini's name is never seen in the film."

"It was my *montatore* [editor]," says Visconti, "who, when he saw the first rushes, invented the phrase *'neo-realismo'* in a letter to me. When the picture came out in 1942 it struck Italy like a bomb." No one had seen such raw passion on the screen before. Not since before the Fascists had a "hero" been depicted as a social pariah. "Ossessione" was immediately banned by the censors. Mussolini asked for a private screening and afterward decreed that the film be shown because it was a work of art. "The only good thing I can say for Mussolini, and I hate to say it," sighs Visconti, "is that he let the film come out. Archbishops went to the cinema and gave the film their blessings."

"Ossessione" wasn't blessed for long,

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however. When the new Fascists of the Social Republic chased Mussolini up north in the summer of '43, they rounded up the prints and burned the original negative. "Luckily," says Visconti, "I had made another negative, and all the prints now available come from that negative."

After the war in Italy ended, Visconti's career took another turn that would influence his style as a movie maker. He became active in the theatre, introducing to Italy such writers as Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, Jean-Paul Sartre. "In Italy we had no authors, because for twenty years they could not talk and they could not write; we needed to see what was happening outside Italy." He also built a repertory company that he could dip into—much as Ingmar Bergman does—for his films. Paolo Stoppa, the fight manager in "Rocco" and the rising bourgeois in "The Leopard," has appeared in twenty-two plays directed by Visconti. He won high praise as Willy Loman in "Death of a Salesman," a play Visconti greatly admires. And Rina Morelli, Italy's leading stage actress, Blanche in "Streetcar," Lancaster's wife in "The Leopard," has worked for no other theatre director since 1947. The strong critical interest in Visconti's films throughout Europe has doubtless been enhanced by his willingness to tackle plays in French in Paris and Italian operas in London.

Despite his stable of talent, when Visconti undertook his second film, in 1947, he used no professional actors. "I went to a little fishing village in Sicily to make a documentary," he says. What evolved was less a documentary than a social document, which ran four hours, cost Visconti almost $200,000 out of his own pocket (never recouped), and which was unlike anything ever seen before. "La Terra Trema" is about an impoverished fisherman who vainly tries to rebel against the wretched social conditions of his village.

"I took the situation from their lives," says Visconti. "I told them, 'You are here, these are your conditions, this is your story, this happened to you. How do you react?' They talked with their language. They wrote the dialogue and I didn't change a word."

IF "La Terra Trema" is uncomfortable to watch and often tedious, it is also unforgettable. Within its seeming formlessness pulsate carefully controlled rhythms of sound, light, and composition (brooding women perched on rocks waiting endlessly for the boats). Chiaroscuro images gather toward a climax that never comes. The form becomes as oppressive as the theme. Thus, in "Terra Trema" Visconti is the precursor of what may be called the "let the audience suffer" or Antonioni school of film-making.

Luchino Visconti, top, directing his forthcoming film, "The Leopard."

Because it was shot in Sicilian dialect the film was incomprehensible to mainland audiences, and Visconti reluctantly added Italian subtitles. Later he removed them and compromised by adding a narration. "I think it is my best film," Visconti says, "but only on a second viewing."

In between "La Terra Trema" and "Rocco," Visconti made three other films — "Bellissma" (1951), "Senso" (1953), and "Notti Bianche" (1957). Of the three, only "Senso" is notable. But, according to Suso Cecchi D'Amica —co-writer with Visconti on all his films since "La Terra Trema," friend, and critic—each was made with a specific purpose and contributed significantly to the director's development.

"He made 'Bellissima,'" says Signora D'Amico, "because he wanted to work with Magnani. We wrote the picture for her." The character of a lower-class woman who sees in the glitter of the cinema a deceptive hope of success and fame for her daughter was later developed and refined in the mother of "Rocco."

"Senso" was Visconti's first color film, a lushly mounted romantic melodrama set against the background of the Italo-Austrian war in 1866 and starring Farley Granger and Alida Valli. Visconti's intent was to make a "realistic" melodrama (achieved in "Rocco") and to use colors and textures in a way they had never been used before, tackling each frame as a painter would canvas (the aim was evident on "The Leopard" when he supervised the dyeing of shirts twenty times before he got the exact historical shade of Garibaldini red).

"Senso" was assembled hastily before Visconti had finished it, and the producers cut it drastically. The prints now in circulation outside Italy are about a quarter the original length. There are breathtakingly beautiful scenes but the story is unrecognizable from the one Visconti and Suso D'Amico wrote. "In the end," says Visconti, "it was not my film." (The Museum of Modern Art screened a shortened version but felt it didn't stand up to the drastic editing and never gave it a public showing.) "Senso" cost a fortune and lost a fortune, and for years, says Visconti, no producer would go near him.

To prove he could make a little film in a short time, Visconti got together with Signora D'Amico, and with Marcello Mastroianni, who was in his repertory company. They pooled their money and made "Notti Bianche," based on Dostoevsky's short story, "White Nights." "I shot it in seven weeks," says Visconti, "and I'm afraid it sometimes looks it." The movie proved that Mastroianni could play something other than the low comedy roles film producers had been handing him and, according to Signora D'Amico, enabled Visconti to get "Rocco and His Brothers" produced.

"Rocco" was the director's first film

(*Continued on page* 64)

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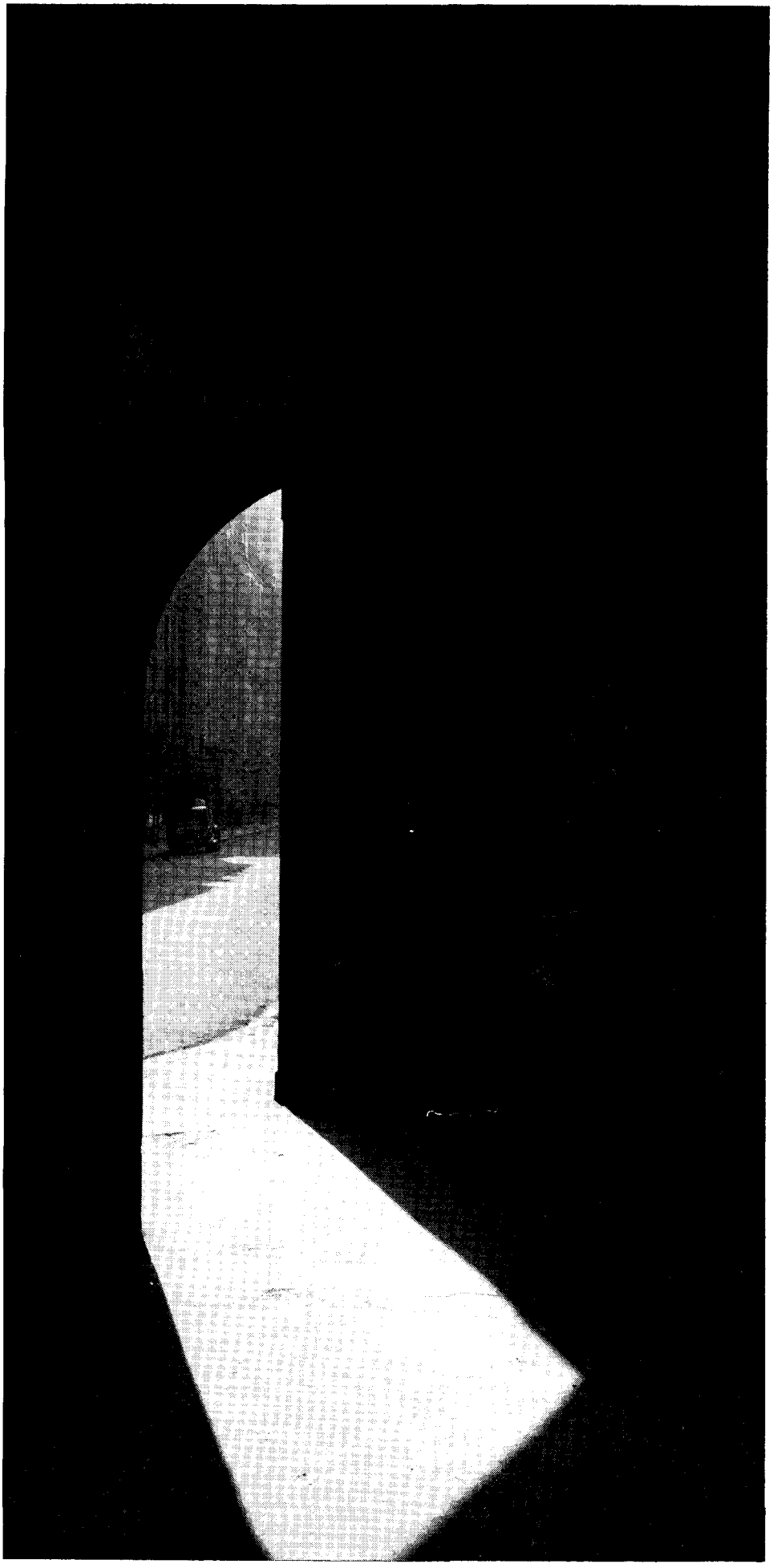

IDEAS IN IMAGES

By MARGARET WEISS

CONDITIONED by holiday catalogues that offer everything from French cheesecake to a Chinese junk, we are no longer surprised that Christmas packages come in all sizes, shapes, and forms. Nonetheless, the one being unwrapped at national headquarters of the American Federation of Arts is among the season's more unusual gifts for the viewing public.

With "Ideas in Images" as his theme, AFA's director Peter Pollack has arranged an arresting array of what he terms "pivotal masterworks" by ten distinguished American photographers. As omnibus shows go, it is not a large exhibit—100 black-and-white prints in all—yet it may easily be characterized as a major photographic event. For here the hundred images crystallize not only visual impressions of the world of light and the world of man—graphic statements of the individual, infinitely various ways of seeing—but the true content and concern of the photographer's art: structures and patterns usually invisible or inaccessible to the naked eye, the rhythms of nature, the movements of society.

Already enthusiastically "previewed" at the Worcester Art Museum, the exhibit opens in New York at AFA, 41 East 65th Street, on December 27. Its tour schedule for the next two years includes museums and universities here and abroad—a fact that already begins to substantiate Mr. Pollack's appraisal of photography's future, "individually created, mass-viewed — the central art of the twenty-first century."

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

TODD WEBB: "Sunlit Doorway, Paris" —dramatic composition, heightened contrasts, elimination of extraneous detail give space a cohesive, almost sculptured form.

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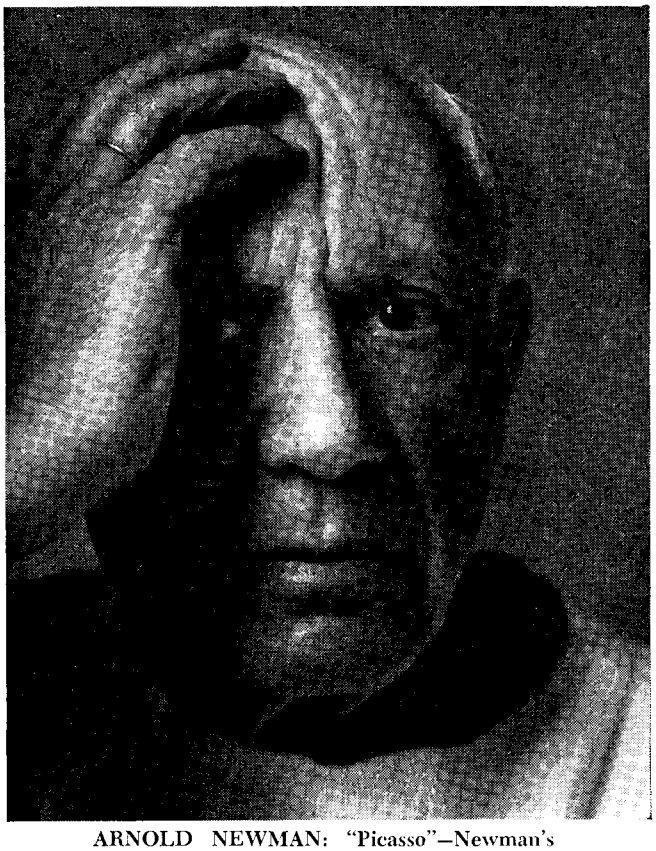

ARNOLD NEWMAN: "Picasso"—Newman's strong, penetrating portraits reveal intrinsic character of creative contributors of our time.

GORDON PARKS: "Woman at Roulette Wheel" —a conscious moralist, Parks aims to explore inner psychic life of his subjects. This one "was trying to cling to her money as well as her beauty."

HARRY CALLAHAN: "Trees in the Snow"—master at isolating and simplifying the commonplace, Callahan captures semi-abstract patterns and rhythms in realistic objects.

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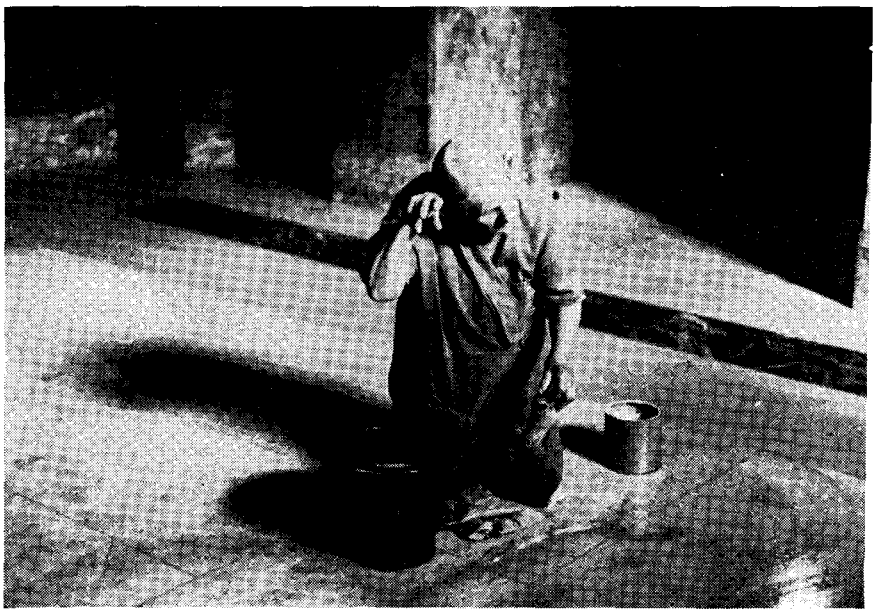
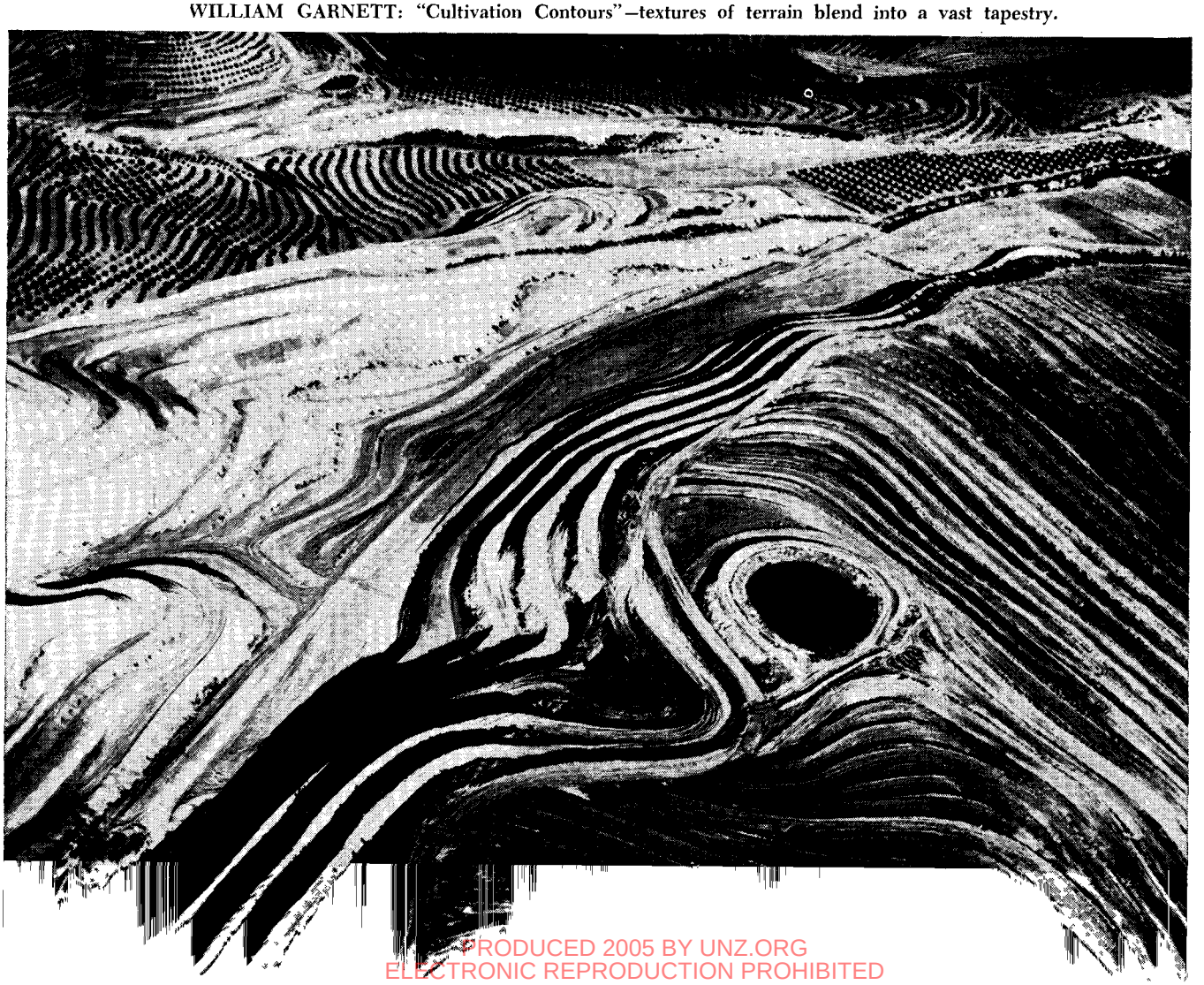
MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE: "Money Lender, India" — always the photo-essayist, Bourke-White perceptively mirrors people acting out their roles in current affairs, reflecting the larger movements of society in ordinary human actions.



BRUCE DAVIDSON: "English Charwoman"—a romantic among photo-journalists, Davidson creates depth of mood by graphic means—grainy film, lighting, contrasts with large dim areas.

WILLIAM GARNETT: "Cultivation Contours"—textures of terrain blend into a vast tapestry.



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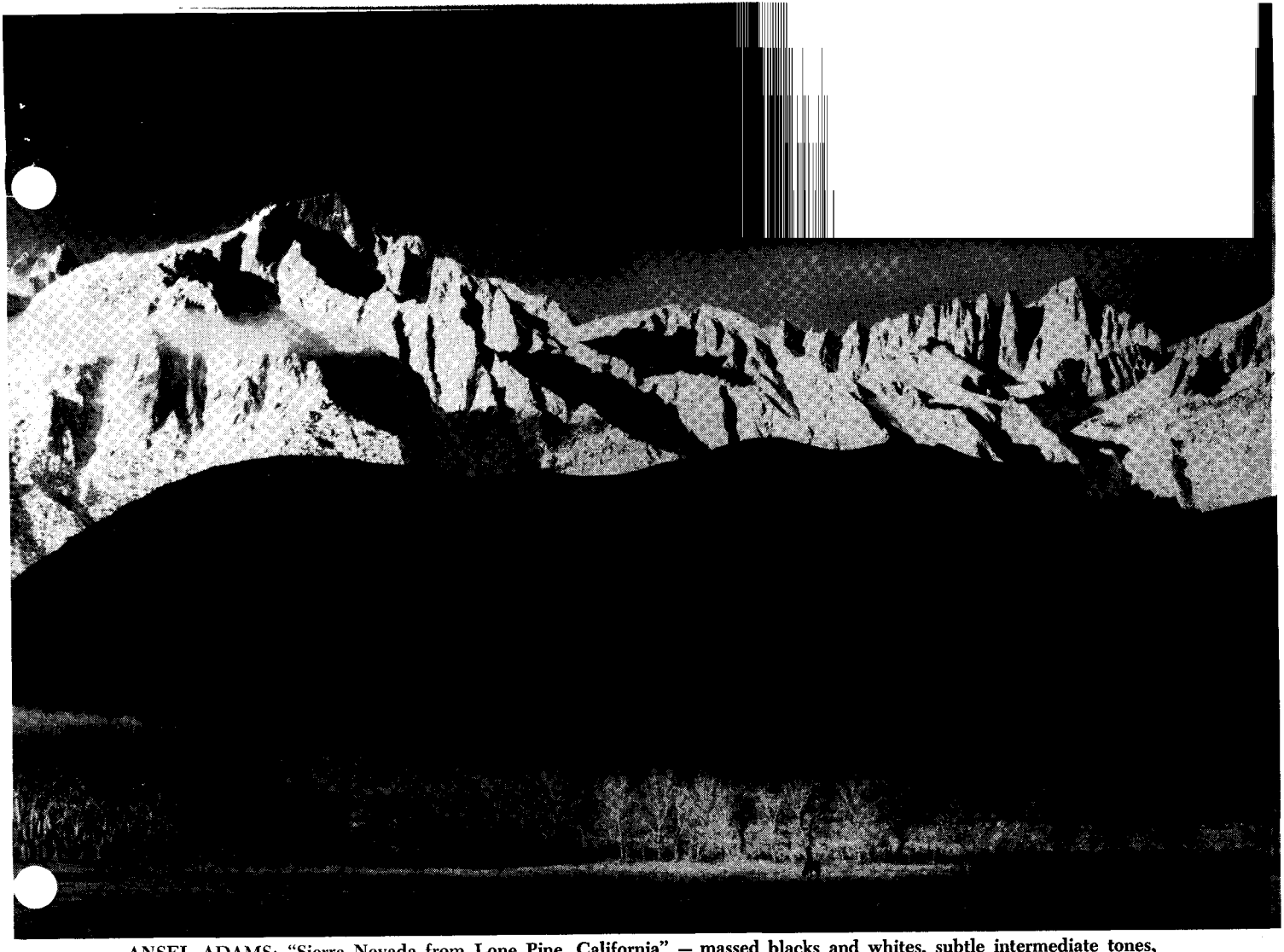
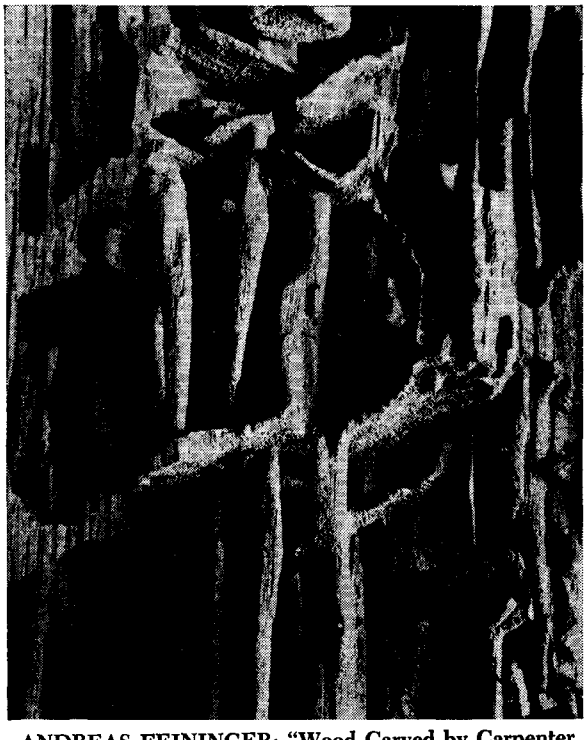


ANSEL ADAMS: "Sierra Nevada from Lone Pine, California" — massed blacks and whites, subtle intermediate tones, sharply detailed forms, deep perspective—all harmonize into grand, classic visions of nature for which Adams is famous.

GYORGY KEPES: "Photogram, 1950"—made with photosensitive papers but without a camera, Kepes's photographically conceived images open up a whole new world of absract light, space, and form.



ANDREAS FEININGER: "Wood Carved by Carpenter Ants"—part scientist, all artist—an analyst among photographers—Feininger discovers hidden, unexpected beauty in the anatomy of our everyday surroundings.

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CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

Earlier this year SR's art critic, Katharine Kuh, surveyed the contemporary landscape of American art in the article "Art in America, 1962—A Balance Sheet." In her survey (SR, September 8) she pointed out not only the strengths of American art as it is practiced today, but also some of the weaknesses as she saw them; some of these weaknesses involved the role of museums in making art available to the public. The response from readers was immediately and overwhelmingly favorable, strongly suggesting that despite the current art boom (both in popular interest and in the prices paid) there is a significant undercurrent of discontent. There was, however, one responsible museum official who took issue with Mrs. Kuh's conclusions: Froelich Rainey, president of the American Association of Museums and director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum at Philadelphia. His dissent follows:

By FROELICH RAINEY

IN HER article "Art in America, 1962—A Balance Sheet" Katharine Kuh reviewed the successes and failures of artists, exhibitions, and museums over the past year. After having taken the current direction of art to task, she turned to museums. She discussed their structure, staff, trustees, and problems with a naïveté that was surprising for someone with her experience. Many of us in the museum profession feel that we should make some reply to Mrs. Kuh's article.

The article rightly complains about the phenomenal prices paid today for paintings and objects of art. The museums are even unhappier, for it is they who in the end must pay. These higher prices are largely the result of public auctions and competitive bidding insisted upon by the owners of works of art, but they are also increased by such factors as export restrictions, the diminishing availability of masterpieces, the new rash of interest in art, and a generally higher standard of living.

When a masterpiece is placed on the block, museums must make a choice: either to compete actively and, if successful, suffer adverse publicity (such as comments on the price per square inch of canvas), or refrain from participation. By remaining on the sidelines in passive protest, one does not change the existing system or fulfil one of a museum's primary purposes: acquiring works of art.

In her rightful condemnation of the unfortunate combination of press-agentry and art, Mrs. Kuh neglects to point out that the most extravagant cases occur when museums have very little or no control over the matter, i.e., in public auctions. Museums would prefer to conduct their business in privacy. The growing loss of privacy resulting from auctions means that museums suffer, not only in paying higher prices, but in seeing the value of their objects become monetary rather than esthetic. Mrs. Kuh's criticism could well be directed at the press.

It may be worthwhile to review, as dispassionately as possible, the circumstances surrounding the Metropolitan Museum's purchase of Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer." Several museums had tried to buy the painting privately from the Erickson Estate, but the executors felt that a public auction would serve their purposes best. Present and bidding at the auction were numerous private collectors and museums. Obviously, the painting was considered by these institutions and individuals as worth acquiring. There was general agreement that the painting was of exceptional quality, and the possibility of another work of such distinction by Rembrandt being available seemed remote. The Metropolitan Museum felt strongly enough to acquire the painting for $2,300,000.

THIS unprecedented price was the result of many factors beyond the Metropolitan's control, not the least of which was the advance publicity. Popular publications with widespread circulation joined with newspapers and respected monthlies to give an advance publicity of Hollywood proportions never before experienced in the field. In spite of this storm of sensationalism, a number of collectors and representatives of major museums acted with the courage that Mrs. Kuh considers to be lacking in the field.

She laments the outcome of the auction. The painting went to an institution whose collections contain not only thirty or so Rembrandts, but the most complete survey of the history of painting available to the American public. The under-bidder, the Cleveland Museum of Art, is one of the nation's fastest-growing museums. Its representative paintings collection contains thre works by Rembrandt. Mrs. Kuh seems to feel that Cleveland should have had the auctioned masterpiece.

Although attendance figures should not be too heavily relied upon, they do present a challenge to the article's conclusions. In 1961 the Metropolitan Museum had a recorded attendance of 4,001,364; Cleveland, 496,743. Public lectures and courses were attended by approximately 150,000 in the Metropolitan Museum, as compared with 32,000 in the Cleveland Museum. Obviously, a painting properly exhibited in the larger museum could be seen by a far greater number of viewers than in the smaller. The fact that a masterpiece is made available to a greater number of people is important, but, as Mrs. Kuh says, mere exposure is not enough. However, when exposure is coupled with an effective educational program, it becomes meaningful.

Turning to the structure of museums, the writer starts at the top with her grievances. Trustees are clever amateurs, who through the proper use of their power are more and more choosing directors "for their administrative ability, their financial acumen, their charm, their agreeable willingness tc rubber-stamp trustee decisions."

SUCH observations must surely bring a chuckle to many of us in the profession, particularly those directors of the larger public museums who have reluctantly changed from specialists to generalists in order to cope with their job, and who are always engaged in urging the trustees to take a more active part in decisions concerning the museums. Probably Mrs. Kuh, like many people today, is confused about the functions of trustees, directors, and curators. Museums are operated for the public, not for the specialists and the patrons of the arts and sciences. Trustees are normally the most responsible individuals in any community, chosen because they are public-spirited and able to arrive at decisions as to what museums should be and what they should do. Directors are generally specialists in some particular field who have become executives, as in business or government. It is their job to lead, but also to act as interpreter between curator and trustee. No director could be an authority in all the fields covered by any major museum. It is the curato who is the expert or authority in a particular field and upon whom the director as well as the trustee generally

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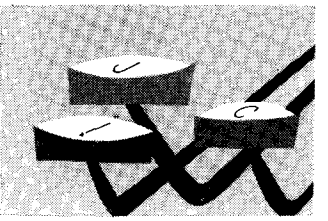
Manner of Speaking



CRECHE (ADVT.)

These Angels really fly!
The Herald really sings!
The Camels (two feet high)
Walk, kneel, and nod. The Kings
(In their authentic clothes)
Carry real Frankincense!
The Infant really glows!
The Shepherds (by real Tents)
Look up at Stars that light!
Works AC or DC.
For a real Xmas Night
Get ROBO-CRECHE, Mark III.

OH COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CONSUMERS: By now Main Street, in your town as in mine, has been hung with wreathes and lights for the full twenty-plus shopping days since Thanksgiving, and "*Adeste Fidelis*" has wound on and on in close harmony with the click and jingle of the local cash registers everywhere. Merry Christmas, friends: a child is born! And Merry Xmas, consumers: come and get it!

Who was it said "No idea can survive its own institutionalization"? G. B. Shaw, I think. Marx had to declare he was no Marxist. Could Christ think of himself as a Christian on your Main Street and mine?

Think of him as the Father of Charity and it could be possible. But remember not to suffer by the mistranslation of words. Charity is cognate with *caritas,* but our word seems to have become a matter of budgeting out checks for the annual drives while maybe slipping a quarter or a half to the Santa on the corner. *Caritas,* however, means specifically, and far more inclusively and demandingly, the love of others.

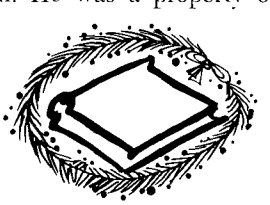
It may take the full exercise of *Caritas* to find the sweet metaphor of the birth of a child truly there on your Main Street and mine. But every ritual must change. That cash register is only the mechanical extension of the street hawker grinding out the pittance of his Asiatic poverty. And chances are he was even noisier than the registers, though with a human rather than a metal sound. But let us never hate ourselves for being prosperous.

That last may be an unchristian thought if we think of the rich man's gate to heaven as the needle's eye. Yet in whatever dream we see heaven, I suspect something no more extraordinary than Levittown might look like a paradisal landscape to the poor of this world.

Merry Christmas to your good luck and to mine. But still I confess to some uneasiness on my Main Street, as I suspect you may feel a little on yours. Is it because we are too lucky? Or because we suspect our ranch houses and our split levels only *look* like heaven to that dream of the world's poverty? No, I am not joking. As a matter of physical plant, some sort of Levittown-in-the-Sky would certainly do for at least a minimum heaven for this world's poor, as it certainly will do for more heaven than we have physically achieved for the kids of the shack-and-alley countries.

Perhaps I am uneasy, and guess you to be, because whatever heaven we set out to dream never was a matter of physical plant but more nearly a matter of communication between souls, selves, psyches, or whatever we are. Our Main Streets (and now the shopping centers) have the goods all right, and come and get it, but how do you communicate there on whatever it is to think of the birth of a child? It is a badly cluttered—or at least a heavily inventoried place—that "*Adeste Fidelis*" is blaring from, and the clutter cannot fail to confuse us if we come with the simple metaphor of a birth in mind.

We are—do you see?—partial anachronisms. Our base metaphors are still from a simpler place than this world's clutters. As a matter of fact, part of the clutter is the jostle of just too many people. As Joseph Wood Krutch once pointed out, there has always had to be some ground on which people could tolerate the pressure of other people. For there *are* too many of us and some fool is forever leaving his beer cans and garbage in our favorite picnic spot. One simple way to keep our picnic spots (physical and psychic) unlittered is to kill off other people. One of the early reasons the race gave itself for not killing off excess neighbors was that each man was sanctioned by the possession of a soul. He was a property of God.



Nowadays, however, it seems easier to think of him not as a soul but as a psyche. As a property of Freud. It is a bit less comfortable that way, isn't it? There are obviously too many psyches cluttering up Main Street.

So the theological sanction became the psychiatric. (Krutch, let me say, cannot be held responsible for the way I am littering up the picnic ground of his ideas.) There was also the social sanction. We began to tolerate other people because they were useful as producers. We needed what they raised, or brewed, or manufactured. But—and here I am back to Krutch—we now produce more than we can use. What we really need is not producers but consumers. We have to tolerate people in order to get the stuff used up.

And there is another reason for discomfort. We should all like to think we amount to something more than digits on the seasonally adjusted Index of Retail Sales that will be showing up in the *Wall Street Journal* before long. With inventories the way they are, let us not, in any case, tinker about with any more miracles of loaves and fishes!

I really am trying to wish us all a Merry Christmas. As you can see, it isn't easy. We should all like to say simply that a child is born, but we have trouble saying the simple thing simply. We cannot be sure but what it is a new taxable unit that is born. It has something to do, I think, with a dream of ourselves we cannot read clearly because there are too many price tags (exclusive of sales tax) on it. The trouble with living in our kind of clutter is that inevitably some of it accumulates inside us.

The joy of the soul's (or the psyche's) great metaphors is that they do finally keep the simple dreams first. Remember that what is born is always a child, which is to say the uncluttered impulse. What clutter there is, is *around* the child, not *of* him. That picnic place on the greensward of the dream is always there, and it is what the season is finally about. Merry Christmas on that greensward.

Sure, go ahead and buy up all the clutters there are. The economy needs you. So long as the clutter is around the dream and not of it, there is still with us some part of the essential language any heaven must speak. We have the physical plant for it. But remember that the physical plant is no good without the language that joins us.

Which is the one thing that has to be said through all the noises of your Main Street, and mine, and of all the world's: I wish us the conjoining language that is Merry Christmas in the mother tongue of dreams.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Bats in the Guava Trees

FARMING is at best a parlous occupation, and farmers on the West Coast of Africa often encounter hazards that verge on the bizarre. Until recently, for instance, West African guava growers were beset by an infestation of bats. Every day, after the sun set, hordes of these purblind creatures would come swooping down on the guava groves to sink their teeth in the delectable guava fruit. The bats' shrill cries of delight were matched only by the shrill cries emitted by farmers watching their cash crops being devoured.

Then, several months ago, one of the embattled farmers outlined his problem to an American visitor. Did the American by any chance know, he asked, how to get rid of the bats without damaging the crops?

As it happened, the American visitor was a volunteer member of a nonprofit organization in Palo Alto, California, called DATA International. Within a few weeks, DATA, working through its network of volunteers, had consulted an expert on bat control, and had forwarded to West Africa a special new pesticide which sent the furry intruders fluttering to their reward.

This operation typifies the work of DATA, a pocket-size volunteer group that has been called "a stay-at-home Peace Corps." DATA's rationale is straightforward to the point of naïveté. It simply asks Americans who are traveling or living abroad to keep their eyes open for local problems that can be solved by American know-how. When such problems are forwarded to DATA, the staff, most of them volunteers, gets in touch with its expert consultants, who are also volunteers. Especially sticky problems are sent out to several experts, to insure an answer within a few weeks. With an office staff of seven full-time paid workers and thirty-five part-time volunteers, DATA (Development and Technical Assistance) International has in its four-year career processed more than 1,600 difficult questions. The number of new friends it has made for the United States is beyond calculating.

DATA is the creature of Wil Rose, a wry, witty thirty-two-year-old ex-Marine from Ohio. When Rose was wounded in the Korean fighting and given his discharge, Los Angeles City College sent him abroad to make an educational film about folkways in different countries and cultures. This trip, which eventually took Rose to Europe, the Middle East, and Asia, touched him deeply and set him to thinking. Everywhere he saw people struggling manfully but ineffectually with technical problems that Americans had conquered decades ago. Couldn't American know-how be shared, Rose wondered, on an ad hoc, person-to-person basis, outside the formal structure of the government aid programs?

Returning to America, Rose set about creating DATA early in 1959. The big question, of course, was this: Would highly paid American engineers, scientists, architects, doctors, mechanics, and other experts contribute their time and expertise gratis? Or, for that matter, would Americans living the good life abroad take time out to serve a DATA's eyes and ears?

He needn't have worried. At the moment there are 2,000 representatives overseas and 1,000 consultants in the U.S.; and problems are coming in at the rate of a hundred a month.

One striking thing about these problems is that many of them get beneath the carapace of politics and government, and give us a sort of X-ray picture of the everyday struggle-for-life:

From Greece: "I've watched children drinking water full of green scum. . . . Can you put me in touch with someone who can advise?"

From Japan: "Can you supply plans of a home-made tractor for use in rice paddies?"

From New Guinea: "How do you tan crocodile hides?"

From India: "How do you make a rope-making machine?"

From Ethiopia and Korea: "How can we make a water-distilling unit utilizing solar power?"

The following is a selection of questions recently received by DATA and still in the hopper awaiting answers:

From Indonesia: "Do you know of a breed of chicken that will 'live off the land' and not need close care and grain-feeding?"

From Brazil: "How can we safely shell babassu nuts? Their shell is so hard it can be cracked open only by an axe blade; so we can use only 5 per cent of our crop."

From Guatemala: "Can you give me a list of organizations, preferably located in Central America, that help people? I'd like to work with such a group."

Anyone who can answer the foregoing questions, or knows someone who can, is invited to get in touch with Wil Rose at DATA International, 437 California Avenue, Palo Alto, California. In fact, anyone of any age, background, or previous condition of expertise can qualify as a DATA consultant, or representative, since the problems it deals with are as variegated as is human need. There remains, of course, a third category of membership: the sponsors, who do not participate directly, but who instead give donations to DATA, and spread the good word generally.

Whatever role they choose to play, DATA members have the immense satisfaction of knowing they are part of a flexible, private-initiative Peace Corps that operates squarely in the tradition of American selflessness.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE DEATH OF CIVILIZATIONS

In his article "Why Do Civilizations Die?" [*SR*, Dec. 1] Max Lerner points out the danger of "arteriosclerosis of belief." I agree; in fact I see this not only as a possible danger but as the major existing one.

Mr. Lerner neatly manages to avoid reference to the danger of nuclear war stemming from our own nationalistically inspired unwillingness to take the lead, not in winning the arms race, but in ending it. Instead, he sees "an inner rigidity . . . which prevents itself from adapting to the changed power distribution resulting from Communist expansion."

Thus Mr. Lerner sees Communism as our greatest enemy. I maintain that it is not Communism, but war itself that is our greatest enemy. Refusing to recognize the vested interest the Russians have in securing a disarmament agreement (ours is not the only civilization that can collapse—*they* are even less able to spend vast sums of money on a sustained arms race than we are), he sees only that we must not let our "plasticity" become a series of "one-sided concessions to . . . Communist expansion."

Mr. Lerner is one of those who seem unable to realize that war has become obsolete as an instrument of national policy. We must have a bold new plan of American initiatives to try and end this mad armaments race. Professor Charles Osgood, in his new book "An Alternative to War or Surrender," has given America a plan with enough plasticity, I should think, for Mr. Lerner, yet enough of a bold approach to offer us a chance to break the disarmament deadlock. This is not appeasement; it is sanity.

Douglas Ireland.

Plymouth, Mass.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

I greatly enjoyed Rochelle Girson's delightful article on her trip to Japan [*SR*, Dec. 8]. I spent six weeks traveling by myself, but I did have the advantage of a government expense account and a nice Japanese woman at the U.S. Embassy to work out my schedules and buy tickets.

Apparently at Beppu, Miss Girson didn't stay at the inn I did, with the beautifully tiled bath enclosed on three sides by clear plate glass windows—overlooking the street. Even for the Japanese this was rather unusual public exposure, but I finally realized that it was a very luxurious bath and they wanted people to see it.

Gay Wilson Allen.

Oradell, N.J.

FOREIGN POLICY FOR FILMS?

I feel I must comment on Arthur Marx's review of my book, "Hollywood in Transition" [*SR*, Nov. 24].

Mr. Marx used as his only direct quotation a sentence pulled out of context in such a way as to misrepresent my meaning—surely a cardinal sin for a reviewer. I introduced a section entitled "The Melodramatic Image of America" with the following words: "The overseas box office is more and more a source of moral ambivalence for American film distributors. Even if it were possible to forecast what people want, is it right to give them what they want?" This was a purely rhetorical question, simply introducing the issue raised recently in Hollywood by Edward R. Murrow and a dozen years ago by Norman Cousins (whom I quoted): Does the cold war justify withholding certain films of violence or national self-criticism from the foreign market?

My final position, after examining the well-known responses to such films overseas, was nevertheless to warn against any official restrictions on foreign distribution. The foreign market has now become so important that any limitations abroad would increasingly devitalize and even de-Americanize picture-making at home. . . .

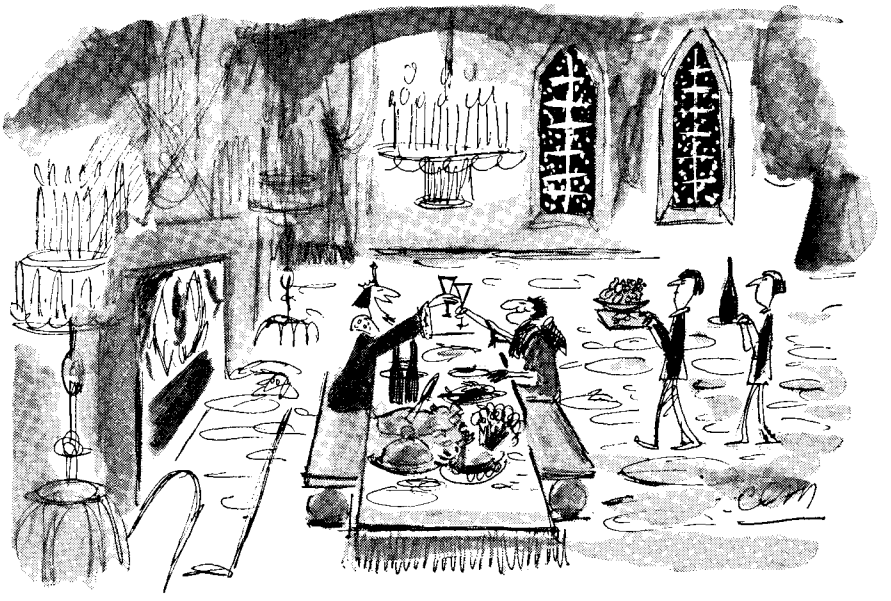
He goes on to scold me for not recognizing that dramatic conflict often requires sex and violence, *vide* Shakespeare and Sophocles. But he has unconsciously lifted this point right out of the book. Among other things, I quoted Geoffrey Shurlock, the code administrator, with firm approval: "Drama is about extreme cases. Drama, from Sophocles to O'Neill, has seldom done a good public relations job for any country."

As a reviewer, Mr. Marx has a right to disbelieve my detailed argument that independent production is not at all the panacea it has claimed to be, that supercolossalism as a policy has almost become suicidal, and that classification (which he evidently does not understand, since he equates it with censorship) is the wisest answer to the "adult" film era.

It is a low blow, though, to growl about my lack of humor. Such widely separated conning towers as the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Playboy*, for some reason, seem to disagree with Mr. Marx on this score. Perhaps there was some middle ground I missed. But as he says himself, analyzing humor is a risky business.

Richard Dyer MacCann.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.



"You're doing very well for an old fellow who started out on this St. Stephen's Eve to do nothing else but gather winter fuel."

REVERSE ENGLISH

"Don't disregard the publisher when you select books." So begins an article by Allan Angoff in the *Wilson Library Bulletin* of October, 1962. Your exposé of the "Calories Don't Count" racket [*SR*, Nov. 24] puts some reverse English on this statement. It seems that librarians cannot, indeed, assume that established publishers can be counted on to maintain high standards in their lists when the prospect of a fast buck beckons. This whole "Calories" business is a sad and sordid thing.

William H. Carlson,
Director of Libraries,
Oregon State System
of Higher Education.

Corvallis, Ore.

WHICH NEW GENERATION?

There may well be the kind of young people Harold Taylor described in "Portrait of a New Generation" [*SR*, Dec. 8], but there are also the kind who rioted in Mississippi. The important question is which group is in the ascendancy.

M. L. Hoskins.

Montgomery, Ala.

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

DORIS DAY
STEPHEN BOYD
JIMMY DURANTE
MARTHA RAYE
IN BILLY ROSE'S
"JUMBO"
Produced by Joe Pasternak and Martin Melcher
Directed by Charles Walters
Music and Lyrics by RICHARD RODGERS AND LORENZ HART
An M-G-M Picture in Panavision and MetroColor

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"—Far-famed pageant of the First Christmas, and . . .
"HAPPY HOLIDAYS"—Merry new extravaganza with celebrated Rockettes, Ballet Company, Vocal Ensemble, soloists, specialty acts and Symphony Orchestra.

IN NEW YORK'S THEATRES

"A SCREAMINGLY FUNNY FARCE!" —Ed Sullivan, News
A ZERO MOSTEL in FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
ALVIN W. 52 St. Eves at 8:30. Matinee Wed & Sat.

BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR!
5 TONY AWARDS
CRITICS CIRCLE PRIZE
EMLYN WILLIAMS
THOMAS GOMEZ
GEORGE ROSE
in ROBERT BOLT'S
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
also starring ALBERT DEKKER
ANTA THEA., 52 St. W. of Broadway Cir 6-6270
Eves. at 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

"MAGNIFICENT!"—Chapman, News
KATHRYN GRAYSON
WILLIAM SQUIRE
ARTHUR TREACHER
in LERNER & LOEWE'S
CAMELOT
also starring Robert Peterson
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44 St. W. of Broadway
Eves. at 8:35: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:35

"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN OF THE MUSICAL THEATRE!" — Taubman, Times
NO STRINGS
New Musical Hit Starring
RICHARD KILEY
DIAHANN CARROLL
Music and Lyrics by RICHARD RODGERS
Book by SAMUEL TAYLOR
BROADHURST THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Eves: 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

Criticism Indivisible

THE magazine *Commentary* published in a recent issue an article, "The Television Problem," by Richard Schickel, a former editor of *Look*. The author asserted that the mass attacks launched by television's critics to improve the medium have failed to do so in any substantial degree. He examined the faulty premises of the critics "with a view toward arriving at a new and possibly much more fruitful approach." Mr. Schickel deprecated the political, legislative aproach of the liberal critics. The FCC, he said, cannot regulate broadcasting in any significant way because the commission has no direct power over the networks. Oddly enough, while the *Commentary* article was pointing to a fundamental weakness of the regulatory structure, the commission's network study staff, established in 1955, was moving at long last to eliminate that weakness. *Broadcasting* magazine reported unofficially that, after two years of hearings on network program practices, Ashbrook P. Bryant, chief of the commissions Office of Network Study, had submitted his recommendations to the FCC. One of his six proposals is that the commission be given the power to apply direct regulations to the networks.

Three other recommendations, if adopted, would be sharply regulatory of network practices in program ownership. A fourth proposal urged the creation, by federal law, of a new trade association, under government supervision, with power to set code standards and revoke broadcast licenses for failure to live up to them. A fifth recommendation suggested the establishment of a permanent Office of Network Affairs in the FCC to keep constant watch over network operations.

The author of the *Commentary* article would probably see little hope in these political reforms, even if they were to be written into rule or law. He thinks that a good deal of television, in spite of some small gains recently, remains "mostly boring and silly, beneath the attention of a reasonably cultivated citizen, even one who is only in search of good entertainment rather then enlightenment." Political and social reforms, the author believes, cannot touch the core of this wasteland.

Unfolding his "new and more fruitful approach," Mr. Schickel argues that audiences use television to meet their compulsive needs, not their wants. They seek an easing of common anxieties, in commercials and in program content. Male and female cosmetics enhance desirability; deodorants insure that love will not be withheld for unnecessary reasons; cigarettes and beer are the poor man's tranquilizers. The programs themselves are inheritors of the tradition of popular culture, indulgences in escapist fantasy and impulses to violence. It is this popular culture, says Schickel, that arouses the fury of the liberal critics, who are really cultural snobs and puritans who resent it when people have their little fun.

The gambit is not unfamiliar. It has been offered, with individual variations, by others. Mr. Schickel's variation is his emphasis on the esthetic solution. Critics, he counsels, should give up their dream of remaking television through economic, political, or social pressures. They should accept the medium with its limitations and attempt to strengthen its virtues, which lie in its visual appeals. He quotes with approval the English critic Richard Hoggart, who has written: "The best light shows live in the same world as genuinely intellectual or deeply imaginative works." To strengthen the light shows, critics should "leave generalized dismissals to professional moralists and concentrate instead on discriminating intelligently between a good episode of 'Ben Casey' and a bad one, and on paying attention to where the differences lie." Instead of forcing change on the broadcasters, the author suggests that they be invited to try new techniques and forms.

Expecting a cultural revolution in the future, the author hopes that higher cultural aspirations of the masses will become needs. The connection is unconvincing: the social anxieties that make the audience receptive to low culture would have to be ameliorated first. Does the *Commentary* writer expect esthetics to accomplish the miracle? Concern for esthetics in television should not be neglected by critics who refuse to shrug off the medium as beyond salvation; but it is fantasy, too, to endow this approach with exclusiveness. Criticism of television should strive for comprehensiveness. TV is a problem that is at the same time economic, political, esthetic, even moral—it is indivisible. The currents of ideas to shape it must continue to be generated along whatever power fields exist.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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A Great One

HERE, at the very end of the year, comes a motion picture that seems a summing up of the aims and aspirations of the "big film," to which much of the film industry has been devoted of late. After all those dreadful spectacles, dripping with phony religiosity, furious with meaningless battle, we now have a movie, in **"Lawrence of Arabia,"** that is as big as or bigger than all the others, and makes great sense. It belongs in Super Panavision; it justifies the use of that huge screen and at times overpowering sound, because it has a fit subject in the fabulous T. E. Lawrence and has been done in the right way by the right people.

"Lawrence of Arabia" has been so long in the making that those involved with it say half seriously that it is "no longer just a movie, but a way of life." True enough, David Lean, its director, took two years before he had satisfied his desert passion. Peter O'Toole, the young, handsome, and accomplished Shakesperian actor chosen to play Lawrence, worked so hard and long that he somehow became an important star before anyone saw him on the screen. Let it be said at once: He is a magnificent Lawrence. Mr. O'Toole has every right to be proud. The picture is magnificent. David Lean, and Sam Spiegel, a producer with the necessary Jordanian connections, have every right to be proud, too.

A certain amount of luck seems to have attended their undertaking. They were lucky, for instance, in not having to do Lawrence the second or third time around, the subject having been on the drawing boards of several producers through the years. Yet, for one reason or another, the picture was never made. It happens to be my opinion that Mr. Spiegel was lucky that his first choice for the major role, Marlon Brando, chose not to make himself available until a later date than one suitable to Spiegel. All of Brando's talents (assuming they were turned on full force) would not have made him an acceptable Lawrence. Seeing Peter O'Toole fresh in the film, and so effective and convincing, is a major advantage.

A great many people have obviously found their fascinated way through the many editions of Lawrence's classic work, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and it might be wise to mention that if they seek in the movie for such historical personages as Sir Ronald Storrs, Colonel Clayton, and even Lowell Thomas, they are not going to find them. Not so identified, at any rate. But others, such as the Emir Feisal, General Allenby, the bloodthirsty Auda abu Tayi, do play a large part in the fine screenplay fashioned by Thomas Bolt from the Cairo-to-Damascus phase of Lawrence's career. Why include some and not others? Dramatic necessity would seem to have required a good deal of coalescence, otherwise the film might have become a pageant-like documentary account, instead of the dramatic whole that it is. But in the character of Dryden (Claude Rains) can be seen echoes of three known figures. Ali, the Arab chief so devoted to Lawrence, appears to be a merging of at least two identities. Where history has been tampered with, it is only in a minor degree, and the alterations are probably wise if audiences are to comprehend Lawrence's grand design and his singular personality.

But where is Lowell Thomas, the man who made Lawrence into legend? Well, there's an American correspondent chap called Bentley, a not altogether savory fellow, literally a paid propagandist for pro-war Americans of 1916, seeking some adventurous hero to stir the populace. He found his story, and it's a moot point whether Lawrence made it up for him or provided it through his real actions. Some of the movie's most fascinating moments are those in which Lawrence is seen as a posturing, self-inflated egomaniac, willing to accept the Arab adulation as a true reflection of himself. Other moments find him in deep, troubled doubt, brooding, hating himself, a despairing man who finds his vision of Arab unity disappearing into petty, childlike squabbles.

Bolt's script provides a sophisticated interpretation of the Lawrence story. And what a story! A young intelligence captain, illegitimate son of an Irish baronet, raised and educated in Oxford, trained in archeology, becomes enchanted with the Middle East, and while stationed in Cairo in the early years of the war, conceives of a revitalization of the Arab Revolt against the Turks, then becomes the Arab instrument and leads a motley band of Bedouin irregulars across desert wastes and eventually enters Damascus before the British.

But while battle there is in the picture, David Lean seems more concerned with showing other aspects than that of the military adventurer. Lawrence was philosopher, artist, and poet; probably in his personality was that well-known psychiatric curiosity, a mixture of sadism and masochism. The movie traces his personality change, a change that influences events and is influenced by them. These scenes have a way of being more striking than the excellent staging of spectacular movement.

No "Beau Geste" desert in this movie, by the way. David Lean took

Interview in the desert—Bentley (Arthur Kennedy) questions Lawrence of Arabia (Peter O'Toole) about his motives.

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his crew and supply lines into seldom-glimpsed desert areas, into stretches where a sun of the whitest intensity glares down on formations of sand and oddly shaped rock, and on what at times appears to be blue water. That huge Panavision lens managed to catch the mirages seen frequently in those deserts, and sometimes camels appear to kick up their hooves in water instead of sand. Real effects, too, are the strange sandspouts that spin like frayed ropes into the sky, others that whirl thickly like robed dervishes. Against these fantastic backgrounds the figure of Lawrence moves at the center of a sweep of Arabs toward historic objectives.

I can't remember a previous film in which visual beauty has been provided as generously as here. No one had the will, or perhaps could not afford to go to such lengths before, to obtain it. David Lean's sense of taste and style operates always at top level. Film rhythms join with a musical score to subtly underline his points. And he makes sure, invariably, that he relates the strange and pure glimpses of desert, the marvelously garbed Bedouin tribesmen, with his chief figure. The best compliment that can be paid Mr. O'Toole is that he has equaled Mr. Lean's demands of him.

There are outstanding performances given, too, by Alec Guiness as the clever Feisal, Anthony Quinn as the tribal mercenary Auda, and by an Egyptian actor, Omar Sharif, as Ali, warrior friend of Lawrence, although it's perhaps unfair to pick favorites in such a large and competent cast. I would have more hope for the "big" film, after seeing this, if it looked likely that others could follow it. I have my doubts about that. Lawrence, after all, is a unique subject, not too far lost in history to be incomprehensible to us, and a man whose military and literary attainments have not yet ceased to cause curiosity about him. He required a film made on a grand scale, and it has been accomplished. —Hollis Alpert.

Don't miss

Saturday Review's annual

World Travel Calendar

and

World Travel Photography

Awards Issue

January 5, 1963

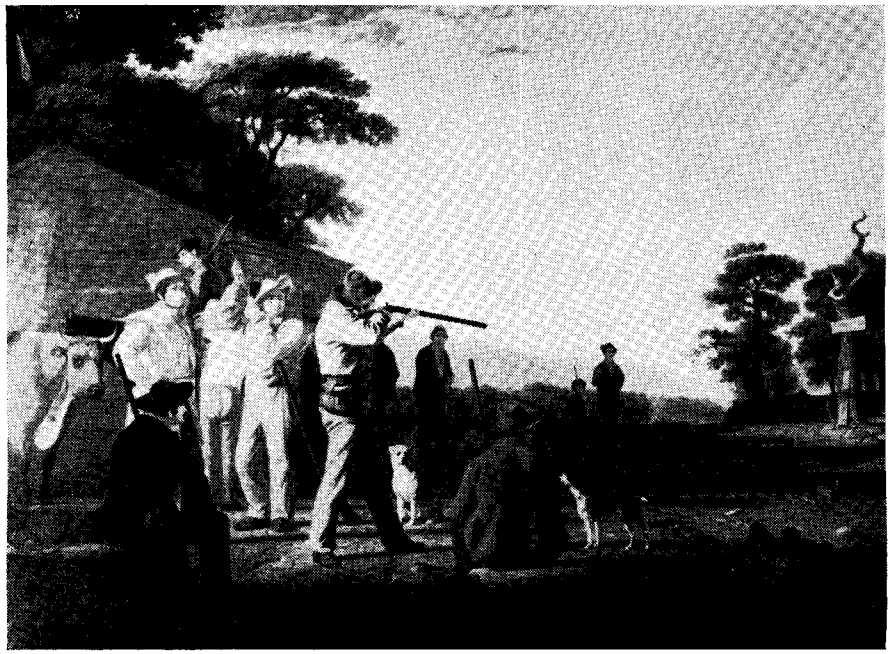
THE FINE ARTS

Who's on First—Art or Sport?

"CULTURE Running Ahead of Sports in Public Interest, Study Finds." This heading in the *New York Times*, on November 21, particularly interested me, since on the previous day I had visited an exhibition at the IBM Gallery called "Fine Art in Sports," sponsored by the newly organized but as yet not permanently located National Art Museum of Sport. Even before I saw the *Times* report I doubted the validity of an art museum based solely on subject matter. Representatives of the new organization describe it as "an educational, non-profit institution dedicated to bringing about a greater appreciation of fine arts through . . . the public's interest in sports." If we are to believe the *Times*, however, the American public at present scarcely needs covert coaxing in this direction. It may not be long now before we find boxing arenas and football stadia depending on adjacent exhibitions of provocative modern art to increase attendance.

There has, of course, never been any doubt that specialized galleries are often desirable. One thinks of the Primitive Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, of the many modern museums throughout the country, and of that remarkable photographic gallery, George Eastman House, in Rochester, New York. However, these institutions are all bounded by either geography, chronology, or technique. But an art museum limited to a single theme could become both a bore and a burden—a burden to established collections already called on for too frequent loans. Today, paintings and sculpture are subjected to dangerously overloaded travel schedules. If spared by modern warfare, art may ironically succumb to modern transportation. The wear and tear of packing, shipping, unpacking, and installing borrowed works for temporary shows poses an urgent conservation problem, suggesting that only exhibitions of excellent quality merit such hazards.

Unfortunately, the National Art Museum of Sport's debut show did not measure up to the most discriminating standards. Granted that the ground rules were pretty difficult, what with each work being limited to some specific sport, still the choice could have been less indulgent. Too often the exhibition seemed more conscientiously related to subject than to esthetic discovery. Otherwise how explain the inclusion of such obvious potboilers as Germain Glidden's "National Champion in Action," Joseph Golinkin's "Redwings vs. Rangers," Norman Rockwell's "The Rookie," and other banal works that



"Shooting for the Beef," by George Bingham.

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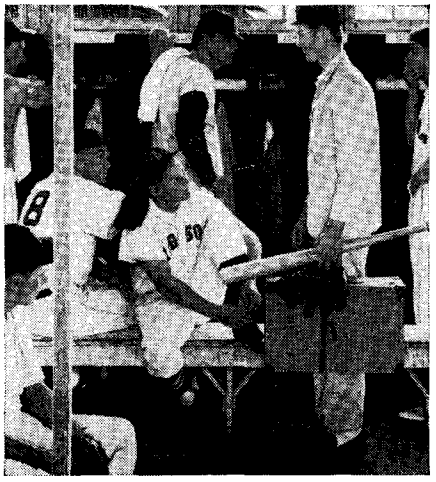
scarcely qualified as good illustrations?

There were, at the same time, a number of fine pieces often borrowed from prominent American museums, but emasculated by the frequent proximity of indifferent works that made the exhibit meaningless as art—and, curiously, meaningless as sport. Though activities ranged from baseball, boxing, golf, and skating to lesser-known sports like jousting, jai alai, kayak racing (and, inexplicably, chess), as a rule the theme song came through only dimly.

Compare, for example, two paintings reproduced here—a baseball scene by Norman Rockwell and a picture called "Shooting for the Beef" by the nineteenth-century Missouri artist George Bingham. Rockwell's composition is a literal "folksy" candid-camera scene where very little selection or rejection has been practiced. What he saw he put down, but since his vision was small he gives us only surface facts competently recorded, yet empty of esthetic meaning. True, we are aware that this is a baseball picture, not because the tensions and excitement of that great game are in any way communicated, but because of superficial props like uniforms and lockers.

On the other hand, the Bingham, though equally realistic in intent, transcends illustration to become a composition of more structured dimensions. One feels that this artist was able to suppress unnecessary details in order to reach beyond local content. Here, there is space, depth, light, shadow, arrested movement, and a strange, quiet intensity. The painting is important not because of its theme, which, to be sure, is amusing, but because of its integrity, dignity, and deceptive simplicity, because of its serene assurance and uncompromising design.

I have always suspected that the worst way to select an exhibition is by committee action—and this show (so selected, I understand) seems to indicate that my suspicions are not ungrounded. A group is apt to be more widely indebted, more concerned with expediency than an individual who, if knowledgeable and a bit ruthless, can operate with less equivocation.



"The Rookie," by Norman Rockwell.

Moreover, I repeat, one questions whether the public any longer needs this type of cajolery. I doubt if enough art converts will result from a tie-in with sport to justify establishing yet another institution that must compete for support with already existing ones. Our objective is not necessarily to increase the number of art museums in this country but rather to consolidate and improve those we already have. Perhaps the project could best have been absorbed as a separate department in an already established museum.

Otherwise we may anticipate a series of thematic art galleries proliferating throughout the country. How about one dedicated to art and medicine? The *pièce de résistance* could be a National Art Museum of Food. Still-lifes have long been associated with historic periods in art. The fact that most of these masterworks are already in public and private collections is not the sole stumbling block. Distinguished acquisitions are difficult enough to come by these days without the added handicap of topical limitations.

Art museums should not be confused with history museums. In art it is only esthetic quality and emotional intensity that count. Unless sport plays second fiddle, and this was rarely true in the National Art Museum of Sport's initial show, the project as "an educational, non-profit institution dedicated to bringing about a greater appreciation of fine arts" may well fall far wide of its goal.

—KATHARINE KUH.

In January Don't Miss:

Chinese Jade at the University Museum, Philadelphia. The largest exhibition of Chinese jade ever to be held in the United States, the show covers 5,000 years of jade carving.

Barbizon Revisited at the Cleveland Museum of Art. A perceptive re-evaluation of an important nineteenth-century French school of painting that has fallen out of favor during recent decades. Opens January 15.

Reuben Nakian at the Washington (D.C.) Gallery of Modern Art. First full-scale showing in the East of this highly inventive American sculptor. Five large new works never seen before will be featured. Opens January 8.

Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Answer to Mrs. Kuh

Continued from page 24

rely. Probably in this heyday of "experts," we all place too much confidence in them. Now, when museums are growing and changing so rapidly, those of us who direct them need more than ever the advice of people who are not experts but simply intelligent and responsible people with a sincere interest in the arts and in learning in general. It is they who should decide whether a museum should purchase another Rembrandt and how much it can afford to pay. Decisions about the quality of any specific painting are of course up to the director and the curator.

Scholarship is just one of the many prerequisites for the director's position. The demands made upon him call for the talents of an administrator, architect, conservator, educator, diplomat, gentleman, and scholar. Ideas must at times give way to expediency in the face of the very real question of the survival of an institution dependent upon the public.

There may be museums in this country where directors are chosen to rubber-stamp the decisions of the trustees, but they must be very rare indeed. All of the most renowned museums are still directed by people who are experts in some field—or once were before they were forced to suppress their specialist tendency in order to do their present job. Such people do not take kindly to rubber-stamping anything. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Mrs. Kuh, like many other people interested in museums, cannot know more about what actually transpires in the management of expanding American museums at the present time—or about the role of the Art Museum Directors Association and the American Association of Museums, where the real business of planning the future development of museums takes place with the exchange of ideas between individuals responsible for them, not in the formal acts of these associations. The role of the director is vastly different from the stereotype implied by Mrs. Kuh.

It is unwarranted that museums must suffer criticism for conditions which are often beyond their control. The power of museums to influence the press and correct unethical tax practices is sharply limited. In order to exist, cultural institutions, dependent upon public support, must adapt themselves as well as possible to many distasteful realities without losing sight of their goal, which is to fulfil most responsibly their obligations to the public.

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The Ghost of Promise Past

THIS has been a year of some considerable disappointments, of which the greatest was Katherine Anne Porter's "Ship of Fools." As I said in my review, it was not wholly a disappointment for there are fine things in it; but what some reviewers, notably Mark Schorer in the New York *Times*, convinced themselves Miss Porter had achieved was what the rest of us had hoped she would achieve, and their extravagance was a measure of our dismay. The novel is curiously limited, in large part by the author's egocentricity, and, like the voyage it describes, gets nowhere. Thousands of copies have been sold, but, if I can judge from conversations and correspondence, a large proportion of them remain unread. The public seems to be in need of a great writer, and, after what Schorer and others said, Katherine Anne Porter seemed to be a likely candidate, but I think that she has lost the election.

Philip Roth was scarcely a candidate for great writer, but, after "Goodbye, Columbus," he was highly rated as a promising young man. I think he is still promising, and he is, happily, still young, but "Letting Go" didn't improve his prospects. I am fond—probably over-fond—of talking about "serious young writers." Roth is too serious—in relation to his experience, his insight, and his literary abilities—or perhaps I should say serious in the wrong way. "Letting Go," as I read it, was intended to be a damning indictment of contemporary society, but Roth turned out to be incapable of distinguishing between the evils of our culture and just ordinary human stupidity.

J. F. Powers's first novel, "Morte d'Urban," was a disappointment of a somewhat different order. Certainly it is a book that I read with more pleasure than I did either Roth's or Miss Porter's. One of our finest writers of short stories, Powers has used an episodic form, and many of the episodes are first-rate; but, in the end, I do not know what he is trying to say about Father Urban. We see Urban clearly enough at various periods of his life, but I at least cannot follow his development.

On the credit side I begin with James Baldwin's "Another Country," about which there has been bitter controversy. Those critics who have charged him with sensationalism and questioned his good faith I can only refer to his extraordinary essay in *The New Yorker* for November 17, which seems to me, in its assumptions and in its spirit, at one with the novel. The novel, I admit and admitted in my review, has some deplorable lapses, but these can be attributed to the overpowering intensity of Baldwin's emotions, and they are outweighted by the passages in which those emotions find their true expression. To call the novel "an act of violence," as I did, may not be to praise it, but it is an indication of its effect.

WILLIAM Faulkner's last novel, "The Reivers," was by no means his best, but it displayed one of his gifts, his skill in handling comic situations, and if he could not end his career with a great novel, I am glad that he wound up with a good minor one. Having watched John Updike's so far brief but brilliant career with increasing excitement, I was delighted with his collection of short stories, "Pigeon Feathers," which displayed all his mastery of language and gave proof of his growth. Another impressive collection of stories was Hortense Calisher's "Tale for the Mirror" with its quiet melancholy and its sure insights. Reynolds Price wrote a fine first novel, "A Long and Happy Life," tender and yet artful, and immediately joined the ranks of the promising young men. Thomas Berger's "Reinhart in Love," like its predecessor "Crazy in Berlin," showed his special skill in rendering the absurdities of life. Brian Moore, I think, is now to be reckoned as an American writer, and "An Answer from Limbo" gives us reason to be thankful that this is so. His account of the New York literary life is fresh and shrewd, and in Mrs. Tierney, mother of the writer-hero, he has given us one of the finest portraits in his gallery of pathetic persons.

Much that came from England this year interested me, and particularly Doris Lessing's "The Golden Notebook," which I want to recommend again in the strongest terms, for it gives more insight into the minds of modern women than anything I know. Revolutionary politics, psychoanalysis, the creative process, marriage, and love outside of marriage are some of Miss Lessing's themes. It is a big, complicated novel, but the author is firmly in control, and her skill, as well as her insight, gives great pleasure.

Ivy Compton-Burnett, who has been writing novels for a good long time, always goes her own gait, and never drops below her own standard. "The Mighty and Their Fall" is perfectly typical and quite extraordinary. Anthony Powell, whose series of novels "The Music of Time" reached its halfway mark with the publication of the sixth volume, "The Kindly Ones," pleases more and more people all the time. The first three novels were reissued this year in one volume with the title "A Dance to the Music of Time," which means that all six books are in print.

"The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" was Muriel Spark's seventh book in six years. Witty, perverse, inexplicably knowledgeable on all sorts of matters, she dazzles and delights at the same time. Iris Murdoch is equally wayward but broader in scope, and in "An Unofficial Rose," as in all its predecessors, one feels the operation of a vigorous intelligence. If Miss Spark and Miss Murdoch adopt a comic tone, though their intentions are serious enough, James Hanley is usually grim, and never more so than in "Say Nothing," a stark story of crabbed lives.

TO turn to nonfiction, there have been three important literary biographies and one book that cannot easily be classified. Barbara and Arthur Gelb published a massive biography of Eugene O'Neill, based on laborious research and creating an impressive portrait of the man. From Leon Edel, as diligent a researcher as the Gelbs and a better critic, came the second and third volumes of his biography of Henry James. Howard Doughty's "Francis Parkman" is less heavily documented than the other two biographies, but it does a splendid job of interpretation.

As for the unclassifiable book, it is, of course, Edmund Wilson's "Patriotic Gore," which in a general way has the Civil War as its subject. Although Wilson can sometimes seem blind as a bat and prejudiced as a Kentucky colonel, I know of no one else who could have written a book of such scope and depth, and I hope it wins both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize.

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Give Now—It Pays Later

"World Without Want," by Paul G. Hoffman *(Harper & Row. 144 pp. $3.50), appeals to the richer nations to provide $2 billions' worth of "soft loans" a year, in addition to the aid they now give to less industrialized countries. Samuel P. Hayes, president of the Foreign Policy Association, served for seven years as U.S. economic aid official abroad and in Washington.*

By SAMUEL P. HAYES

THE NEED for the richer nations to help the poorer achieve a better life can find few more eloquent briefs than this short book by Paul G. Hoffman, formerly administrator of the Marshall Plan and since 1958 managing director of the United Nations Special Fund. He aptly summarizes the desires that motivate the world-wide pressures for economic development, and he recognizes certain of the barriers that impede it. He also makes clear why it is in our interest to help poorer nations, as an important contribution to world peace and prosperity.

Hoffman's book does not pretend to present an extended analysis of development problems nor a comprehensive review of current activities and future possible aid programs. It describes the role of the United Nations, past and potential, but gives little attention to other, larger programs. It underemphasizes the responsibility of the leadership of the poorer nations themselves, and it ignores one of the greatest obstacles to development—the unending and multiform expansionism of international Communism. Nevertheless, it does give a dramatic and easily read statement of problems and issues.

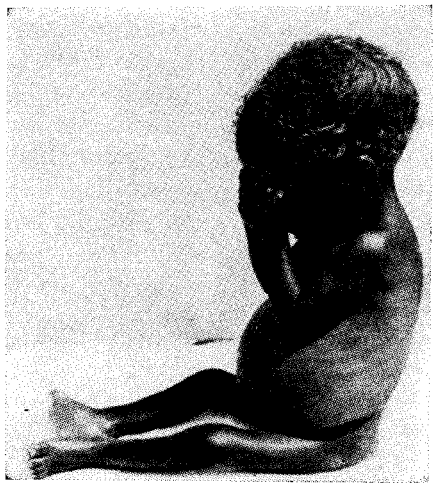
Mr. Hoffman appeals for an increased flow of development capital from the industrialized countries to those less industrialized. He points out that the latter also need cultural and psychological change, education and training, a balance between agricultural and industrial development, and domestic saving. Most of these points are cogent and valid.

Yet Mr. Hoffman advances the argument—as UN-ECLA economists have been doing for years—that falling prices for primary products and rising prices for manufactured goods rob the less industrialized nations, through reduced external purchasing power, of much or even most of the benefits they receive from foreign aid. The case is much more complicated than that, with some primary-producing nations hurt and some benefited, with declining production costs in some nations fully justifying declining prices, with competition from new producers forcing adjustments in others, with a sorry record of utilization of foreign exchange actually earned, and so on. Detailed study, commodity by commodity and country by country, raises considerable doubt that the ECLA line has general validity for the less industrialized countries.

Again, Mr. Hoffman's accounts of successful development aid, especially in the form of technical assistance and "pre-investment" aid, are drawn almost exclusively from the activities of the United Nations and its specialized agencies, although the programs of bilateral and regional aid have been far larger. How can the Aswan high dam be mentioned without reference to Soviet aid? Or Indian development efforts without reference to American and European aid?

Mr. Hoffman's book is mainly a brief for his proposal that the richer nations provide $2 billions of "soft loans" a year, for at least seven years, in addition to the aid they now contribute. It is weakened by being a one-sided proposal. Although a couple of his paragraphs state that we can effectively help only those who help themselves, and that the latter bear a much heavier responsibility for action than we do, these are asides. The book does not, as it might, address a persuasive appeal for self-help to the selfish holders of economic and political power in Latin America, to the feudal rulers of the Near East, to the political neophytes of Africa, to all those, in short, who can do far more for their own countries than our billions can ever do.

Finally, and most surprisingly—even given the constraints of writing as a U.N. official—Mr. Hoffman gives no hint that development could be accelerated and development aid much in-



Tanganyikan child—only too typical.

—From the book.

Nahal Shikma Watershed—pilot project in Israel

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creased if international Communist aggression did not force the diversion of great sums from development to defense, as it is doing in India today, and if some international agreement to control and reduce arms could be reached. Why not recognize that the less industrialized countries cannot pay for both large armies and rapid economic development? Why not mention the proposals to the U.N. General Assembly, by both President Truman and President Eisenhower, that we would follow a disarmament agreement with the allocation of increased amounts to overseas development programs?

Understandably, Mr. Hoffman concentrates on proposals less likely to encounter opposition. Most readers will appreciate that international tensions are not going to be eased soon, and that few of those in power in the poorer countries are yet ready for rapid change, as the short history of the Alliance for Progress demonstrates. Still, those who must provide the $14 billions of added funds that he estimates are needed would be more enthusiastic about this proposal if Mr. Hoffman's brief gave them reasonable credit for past aid and analyzed more adequately the full range of present obstacles to rapid development in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Crowns and Pounds and Rubles

"The Free and Prosperous Commonwealth: An Exposition of the Ideas of Classical Liberalism," by Ludwig von Mises, *translated by Ralph Raico (Van Nostrand. 207 pp. $5.50), and* ***"Shaping the World Economy: Suggestions for an International Economic Policy," by Jan Tinbergen*** *(Twentieth Century Fund. 330 pp. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $2.25), complement each other in their search for practicable policies to assist underdeveloped areas. Joseph Dorfman, professor of economics at Columbia University, is the author of the five-volume study "The Economic Mind in American Civilization."*

By JOSEPH DORFMAN

IT IS generally recognized that a paramount world problem is the need to devise and implement policies for orderly economic development, especially of the so-called underdeveloped regions. Two important contributions by economists of international reputation now enter the rapidly growing list of works on the subject.

Professor Ludwig von Mises, who for many years was at the University of Vienna and is now at New York University, has long been known for his contributions to the field of money, and even more widely for his famous argument that Socialism, in the traditional sense of the term, cannot succeed. It cannot, he asserts, because under government ownership of all the means of production there could be no market, and consequently no money prices for the goods and services used in production. Thus there would be no rational basis for operating enterprises; that is, "economic calculation," as it came to be called, would be impossible. Although most of the leading economists, including those who would strongly oppose the establishment of a Socialist order, have questioned his conclusion as a matter of formal theory, von Mises must be credited with having raised the level of discussion of the economic theory of Socialism.

Professor Jan Tinbergen of the Netherlands School of Economics is an authority in the field of econometrics; as a government adviser, teacher, and writer on economic planning and development on both national and international levels he made a considerable contribution.

Both men strongly oppose colonialism and excessive nationalism, favoring "classical liberalism" with its ideal of free trade. Both are deeply committed to improving the material status of mankind, to maintaining and expanding the liberties of the individual, and to preventing wars. They differ, however, over the degree of government activity essential for the achievement of these objectives.

Professor von Mises's "The Free and Prosperous Commonwealth" (which is a translation of his German monograph of 1927) is an eloquent epitome of the view that the functions of government should be limited to the "protection of life, health, liberty, and private property against violent attacks." The author contends that any intervention beyond these functions, no matter how "piecemeal," must lead to complete Socialism. He appears to proceed largely on the assumption that the economist's model of perfect competition, for analytical purposes, actually does exist, or would fully exist in the absence of state intervention in the modern industrial nations of the Western world. Professor von Mises believes that so delicately adjusted are the manifold parts of the economic system, through the working of the law of supply and demand embodied in the mechanism of the free market, that interference at any point must result in an accumulation of disturbances which would require interference at all points.

For example, suppose the government should attempt to fix the price of a single commodity; the commodity would quickly disappear from the market unless compulsory selling and enforced rationing were established. To prevent producers of the commodity from turning to other lines of industry to secure reasonable profits, controls over "all entrepreneurs, capitalists, and landowners and workers" would, he maintains, be needed.

The author grants that some monopoly is possible in the "unhampered development of the economy," but only in mineral resources; the remedy, if any, should be a tax on the income of the mines. Similarly, the remedy for unemployment resulting from the constant progress of industrial development would be the establishment of labor exchanges, a solution advocated by advanced influential opinion in pre-World War I days.

Professor von Mises foresaw that colonialism was doomed and pleaded for the end of its "despotic rule"—but by measures that would ensure the participation of the one-time colonial territories in international trade. Under his proposal that the League of Nations (read United Nations now) be given supreme authority over the administration of the dependencies, self-government would be granted as soon as possible, and until then the authority of the mother country would be limited to the protection of prosperity, the civil rights of foreigners, and trade relations.

In a sense, Professor Tinbergen's report, "Shaping the World Economy," helps to re-examine Professor von Mises's assumptions in the light of contemporary complexities. Covering the gamut of international politico-economic problems, it holds that the primary economic problem is the development of "economically backward" nations. Although the statistical evidence is not conclusive, the study suggests that the gap in terms of per capita income between the developed and underdeveloped non-Communist countries continues to grow. From the standpoint of

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this potentially explosive situation, Professor Tinbergen and his staff examine the variegated proposals that have been extensively debated in the search for coordinated international machinery to speed up economic development. The report holds that the "mixed economic system" is the most efficient in contrast to a "pure free enterprise economy" or a "completely regimented one," but the nature of the mixture in each country would depend upon local circumstances and "must be subject to careful engineering."

Broadly speaking, the report advocates the extension to an international or supranational basis the coordinated planning instruments that have been utilized by the leading Western nations on a national level. Thus, it presses for an international monetary authority — including an international financial and banking system—, more international commodity agreements, and insurance against noneconomic investment risks. While the study considers an appropriate international "investment" policy the main instrument for economic growth, it attaches considerable importance to trade policy. Recognizing that limited control is not inconsistent with free trade, the report recommends the development of agencies for the liberalization of trade. Complete free trade, it asserts, is "compatible with maximum well being for the world" only if certain conditions are fulfilled. The fundamental condition, which Professor Tinbergen has long supported, is the highly controversial one that "income is sufficiently redistributed among citizens within each country and among the countries themselves." This condition has been largely taken care of, the report suggests, under the rules of the general Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which provides for a limited use of tariffs and quantitative restrictions.

The report welcomes the establishment of the European Economic Community (EEC), more popularly known as the European Common Market, as being in line with sound regional integration. It urges, however, that EEC make drastic reductions in its "outer tariffs," especially for foodstuffs coming primarily from the backward areas. Professor Tinbergen looks forward to the growth of a decentralized system of world trade organization that would largely operate through regional or continental groupings of countries on the model of EEC. The competition between these areas of comparable strength—"balanced area competition"—would be "sound and stimulating." However, the study warns against overstressing trade policies as an instrument of development.

Both in the text and in the elaborate appendices, supplied by Professor Tinbergen's able aides, the report makes a distinct contribution in its illuminating, quantitative analyses. Not least of its contributions is the attempt to present in relatively simple language the highly technical theory that provides the rationale for its comprehensive, organized set of proposals.

Doubtless the report may seem too optimistic in its contention that governments now have the effective instruments for successfully coping with both major and minor depressions. For this overzealous belief in the accomplishments and possibilities of planning, Professor von Mises's monograph is a healthy corrective. As stimuli to the search for workable policies to accelerate economic growth in underdeveloped areas the two inquiries admirably complement each other.

THE DENSITY DILEMMA: In his introduction to **"Our Crowded Planet: Essays on the Pressures of Population"** (Doubleday, $3.95), Fairfield Osborn, who edited the volume, voices the conviction that "the inordinately rapid increase of populations in this world is the most essential problem that faces *everybody everywhere*. . . . we are learning," he writes, "that the pervasive and complex effects of ever increasing numbers of people are almost invariably harmful. The results of population pressures are not merely physical, . . . they generate as well a host of other undesirable conditions in human life affecting not only the happiness and conduct of the individual but involving also basic questions of economics, religion, forms of government, and, finally, the ultimate dilemma of war or peace."

Dr. Osborn has divided the discussion into five parts: Population Pressures on Man's Natural Environment, Population Pressures on Economic and Political Trends, Population Pressures in Specific Areas, The Population Problem and Religion, and Population Pressures on Morals and Ethics. Twenty-one preeminently qualified scholars, including a number of scientists, contribute essays to the symposium.

Basic to their discussion is the premise that man is an integral (organic) part of his entire environment, both animate and inanimate. This being the case, it follows that the ecological balance that naturally develops in any environment may be destroyed by the too rapid increase of man's numbers, as well as by any other major physical change. In the past the balance has been restored by the death of excess humans through war, famine, and disease. If man does not manage better in the future, this means of restoring the balance will continue, in spite of modern scientific achievements.

Several of the essayists believe—and this reviewer agrees—that, in addition to the great destruction of life likely to take place, an increasingly dense population will also adversely affect man's social values; that the concepts of human welfare and personal development will be forgotten in the severe struggle for existence that will ensue if man's numbers continue to grow for a few decades at a rate of almost 2 per cent a year.

—WARREN S. THOMPSON.

"They may be primitive but, by George, they certainly know their fertility rites."

—© Punch, *London*.

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In the Best of Families

"The Novels of A. C. Swinburne: 'Love's Cross-Currents' and 'Lesbia Brandon'" *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 377 pp. $6.50) reveal a world both polished and crude, but securely patrician. Irving R. Buchen is associate professor of English at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By IRVING R. BUCHEN

UPPER-CLASS snobbery is perhaps one of the most difficult subjects to handle convincingly in fiction. Dickens, Trollope, Thackeray, and Meredith tried but failed. Their renditions are fragile or shallow because they were all essentially middle-class writers, and as such they were painfully aware of class distinctions. But one of the authentic signs of the nobility is the complete absence of class consciousness. Thus, it is not surprising that Algernon Charles Swinburne, whose aristocratic connections outranked even Byron's, is the only Victorian novelist to give us convincing though far from flawless portrayals of the upper class.

What kind of world does Swinburne reveal? It is both predictable and unpredictable, polished and crude, carefree and obsessive. In the lives and loves of the lords and ladies Cheyne, Harewood, Wariston, and Midhurst—characters common to both "Love's Cross-Currents" and "Lesbia Brandon"—we find an elegant society free from any tensions of trade and filled with graceful gatherings, colorful yachting parties, and hearty canters around the English countryside. At the same time, underneath that gorgeous surface we find frequent adulteries, incestuous affairs, cults of flagellation, and homosexual liaisons. Our shock is intensified by Swinburne's serenity—a calmness that evidently signifies the assured superiority of position and moral code the nobility enjoyed. Undoubtedly, it was this same triumphant and scornful aloofness that piqued middle-class novelists and yet exceeded their artistic grasp.

Swinburne's is also a world devoted to gossip, but of a distinguished kind. His characters, especially the women, are witty and deadly talkers. And of these none can match the heartless wisdom and brilliance of Lady Midhurst, one of the most magnificent cynics in all fiction. Lecturing Bertie (probably Swinburne himself as a boy) on the reliability of great expectations, Lady Midhurst warns, "Don't get any notion of providential justice into your head; it doesn't pay except in Carlyle—and the Bible of course. . . . You can read both by and by; meantime I advise you to adapt yourself to the nature of things." At his best Swinburne is an incomparable conversationalist, a kind of robust and externalized Henry James. In "Love's Cross-Currents" he wisely employs the epistolary form, which, though often tedious and artificial, enables him to present a world that is almost exclusively verbal and unfortunately verbose. Of course, to note his verbosity is to point to a fundamental and often distressing element that Swinburne's novels share with his other works.

Thus readers familiar with his poetry and literary criticism will not be treading completely new ground in turning to his fiction, although undoubtedly many will be surprised to learn that he even wrote novels. Such surprise is understandable. While it was written in 1862, "Love's Cross-Currents" (first published serially in 1877 in the *Tatler* under the title "A Year's Letters") did not appear in book form under Swinburne's own name until 1905. And copies since then have been hard to come by. "Lesbia Brandon," written in 1864, was never published during Swinburne's life; in fact, it was only recently released in England by the Falcon Press. For this work we are indebted to the late Randolph Hughes, a fiery and indefatigable researcher, who gathered the farflung manuscripts together. (His edition, incidentally, is an example of monstrous annotation; the slender and still truncated text of about 200 pages is overwhelmed by a commentary of nearly 400 pages.)

With the recent publication of all Swinburne's extant correspondence in six volumes by Professor Cecil Y. Lang of Syracuse University and now with the American publication of these two novels, there is bound to be considerable attention given to a re-evaluation of Swinburne's achievement. Edmund Wilson, whose introduction to the fiction is graceful, urbane, and at times insightful, admits that Swinburne is now out of fashion but hopes that the publication of these two novels will revive interest in him. Wilson, in fact, laments Swinburne's not having written more novels. But surely this sidesteps the entire question of his contribution to English literature and his artistic merit.

It is certainly true that we are indebted to Swinburne for writing authentic novels of the aristocracy and for thus filling a gap in Victorian fiction. But once the tribute to the shrine of literary history has been paid we still have to make an offering at the altar of esthetics. And when we judge the novels artistically we are judging basically the same Swinburne who wrote elegantly blurred and dull poetry, as well as uneven and often intemperate literary criticism.

Whether one is discussing his art or his life, Swinburne's basic fault is excess. He has no sense of economy and proportion. He relentlessly overpowers and scatters his settings and eternally processes his people into epigrams. He is a classic case of what could be called the literary law of diminishing returns. Whatever initially appears as fresh, real, and ravishing ultimately becomes in his extravagant style weary, unrecognizable, and tasteless. Basically, such a writer has no genuine respect for order or for his reader. In short, the reservations we have about his poetry we have to a lesser degree about his prose. Rather than wishing Swinburne had written more novels, it might be more to the point to wish that he had written better ones. Had he done so, and early, he might have been not only a significant novelist, but—perhaps more important—a better poet.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1012

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1012 will be found in the next issue.

XEUHX NMBY MX RW

NOQC OMA HQVUNNQE

NOQRP UDE MESQXNUPX.

OQPHQPN MVMP.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1011

People will buy anything that's one to a customer.

—SINCLAIR LEWIS.

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Trial by Famine

"The Silent People," by Walter Macken *(Macmillan. 371 pp. $5.95), describes the maturation of a stalwart man during Ireland's time of conflict and starvation. "The Contemporary English Novel" is the most recent book by Frederick R. Karl, who teaches at The City College of New York.*

By FREDERICK R. KARL

THIS new book by the Irish novelist Walter Macken concerns the apprenticeship of a young man to an unpredictable, hardship-filled life and his eventual triumph over both internal limitations and external pressures. Dualta Duane goes through his ordeal of maturation at the time of Catholic Emancipation (1829), in the years when Daniel O'Connell, who had organized the Catholic Association, was fighting desperately for the repeal of Ireland's union with England. What is at stake, then, is not only the fortunes of this youth but those of the entire Irish nation.

Fundamentally, the novel is concerned with identity—how can Dualta define himself; what shape will Ireland assume?—although Mr. Macken deals with this familiar theme without any serious attempt to gain psychological depth. He is not concerned with identity in the same way as was Kafka, Conrad, or Joyce, but as it was treated by traditional nineteenth-century novelists more interested in a well-paced narrative than introspection or analysis. And, indeed, Mr. Macken tells a good story, for his Ireland in the first decades of the nineteenth century was the locale of constant conflict: between landlord and tenant, tenant and the harsh land, sufficiency and starvation. Mr. Macken ably captures the primitive quality of these people's existence, as well as their tenacity and endurance in the face of oppression and injustice.

What goes wrong with the novel occurs in Mr. Macken's treatment of his central character as he grows into manhood. Although Dualta is not a faultless romantic hero, he is, nevertheless, overly idealized. As the author presents him, Dualta is too clearly a model of young manhood. He makes a solid husband, a devoted father, and a faithful friend, even though on occasion he does betray a trust after questioning his original allegiances. Without thought of self-gain, he acts on what he believes is right. When necessary, for example, he opposes violence against the landlords in favor of gradual pressure—this in the teeth of the landlords' stubborn resistance to any kind of change.

In the midst of turmoil and mixed motives, Dualta rarely falters; he makes his decisions with a minimum of agony, and his way always seems relatively clear. Consequently, in Dualta's resolution to remain in Ireland instead of emigrating to America, Mr. Macken has struck a false heroic note, for the decision grows not from previous events but from the author's belief in the power of human endurance. By creating an unbending hero, he fails to make Dualta sufficiently plausible in human terms, and he has written a straight adventure story when his material calls for something more probing. Although the narrative does provide suspense and excitement, within the larger framework of human affairs Mr. Macken fails to move or convince us.

On Meeting Old Mistresses

"The Kindly Ones," by Anthony Powell *(Little, Brown. 254 pp. $4), sixth in the author's series "The Music of Time," deals with past love and present regret. Henry Popkin is associate professor of English at New York University.*

By HENRY POPKIN

THE FATHER of Anthony Powell's hero in this sixth novel of "The Music of Time" series believed "primarily in the will—although his own will was in no way remarkable." He "hid in his heart a hatred of constituted authority," although "the one thing he hated, more than constituted authority itself, was to hear constituted authority questioned by anyone but himself."

Other self-contradictions follow, but we have seen enough to know that Nicholas Jenkins, the private "I" of the series, comes by his ambivalences honestly. As before, it is Mr. Powell's pleasure to expose an ambivalence here and to dramatize one there, keeping the temperature low enough for the comic nature of the contradictions to have its full risible effect on the reader. If "The Kindly Ones" is a bit more sluggish than its predecessors, that is not because the method has changed but because it bears the burden of a small army of characters and several gross of tangled relationships that the previous novels introduced.

After five books, Mr. Powell has, un-

"THIS ROYAL THRONE OF KINGS" is the legend accompanying Ronald Searle's disenchanted sketches of his fellow-countrymen in **"Which Way Did He Go?"** (World, $4.95). Americans, Frenchmen, and Germans are submitted to the same gently acid treatment.

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derstandably, sent out for more characters. Delivery is made in the first chapter, in which the adult Nicholas looks at some events of 1914 over the shoulder of the child Nicholas. The new people are simpler: three servants and a palpably false prophet. Indeed, the keynote of the first chapter is simplicity, embodied in the innocence of the times, the characters, and the child-observer. The threat of war seems remote. A parlor maid, fancying herself jilted, expresses herself directly by removing her clothes before going about her duties.

The people of the subsequent chapters, set on the eve of World War II, painstakingly conceal both flesh and spirit. The maid's abrupt unveiling reflects a boldness unknown in Nicholas's later years, when actions and thoughts are invariably indirect and unveilings are always mental.

These later chapters ring changes on the first. Another spurned lady breaks down, and a gentleman suffers the embarrassment of meeting his wife's former lover. Nicholas Jenkins is thrown into the friendly company of his former mistress's former husband, and suffers at learning of the gross bounders who were his successful rivals. A flashy *arriviste* runs away when he hears his former mistress making a Communist speech, and the husband of the second chapter loses his wife to her former lover.

Each incident discloses another aspect of past love and present regret. Other illuminations are provided, but nothing to advance a connected story and nothing to persuade us that Mr. Powell is doing more than selecting a few highlights. If the morsels of flavorful meat are still present in this latest book, they are getting harder to find because the soup is getting thicker and thicker. Less characterization is given to the important persons, and more is assumed. The plot consists of our accidentally running into them whenever the novel requires another cool glance into a jealous heart. Primarily, "The Kindly Ones" entertains, though it gropes and hopes to do something more.

"MISERERE," a series of engravings begun in 1914, is one of the masterpieces reproduced in **"Georges Rouault,"** by Pierre Courthion (Abrams, $30). Without depicting actual scenes of war, these etchings powerfully project the human suffering and horror that are its legacy.

A Web of Innocence

"The Golden Oriole," by H. E. Bates *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 204 pp. $4), a collection of five novellas, deals with amorous, pathetic, sneaky, and touching aspects of English life today. Paul Engle is director of the program in creative writing at the University of Iowa.*

By PAUL ENGLE

ALL OF these long tales reveal the unexpectedly complicated motivations of apparently simple people. "The Quiet Girl" is Maisie, a seamstress, described by H. E. Bates like this: "Her face was soft, rather dripping-colored and never really quite healthy in appearance; the skin seemed slightly greasy and the dark hair never quite adequately brushed up; her brown eyes had that downy appearance seen on moth wings."

That little mouse drives one man to suicide while she puts another rejected lover into jail. And all the time she has herself been yearning for a fast-talking, fast-traveling salesman. In the end, her quiet ruthlessness receives a quiet revenge.

Bates has always had a deft hand for the quick, diverting tale, the sort of humor that pleases without depending on pain. "Mr. Featherstone Takes a Ride" narrates the adventures of an Oxford student hitching a ride with a truck-driver named Niggler. His astonishment begins when Niggler steals two cockerels and delivers them to two ladies at whose house he customarily spends the night when on the road. From then until the end of the ride, when Niggler gently but wickedly extracts five pounds from Featherstone, the education of the Oxford philosophy student proceeds more rapidly than it had at the university. The reader knows that Featherstone, who could ill spare the money, has been generously repaid with an insight into the flip and unscrupulous energy of life, far away from the scrupulous world of exact logic and cold thought.

No one does this sort of thing better than Bates. Although the stories lack the serious intent of his excellent war novel, "Fair Stood the Wind for France," they have an accurate feeling for the cussed human race and a cool concern for pettiness, folly, and moral weakness, a subdued recognition of the desperate needs that excite apparently calm lives.

Perhaps the most touching story is "The Ring of Truth." George Pickard discovers the town in which his pathetic father had found the only emotional solace in his life. He also learns of the dark deception that his mother had committed. Caught thus between

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the similar ordeals of his father and mother, he has the sudden strength to strike out on his own and find his salvation. The irony is, he finds it precisely where his father had, and with the same person.

H. E. Bates is a skilful teller of tales in the conventional manner. These are not stories that will draw blood, for they are the work of a writer who is an entertainer, in the very best sense of that word. Bates diverts and, in doing so, accepts the limitations of that effort. He gives away the point of his stories—as in "The Quiet Girl," when he says of Maisie, "It seemed likely that some day something or someone would touch her and she would respond like a rampant charge of electricity"—but the novellas will amuse and gratify as much solemn fiction does not.

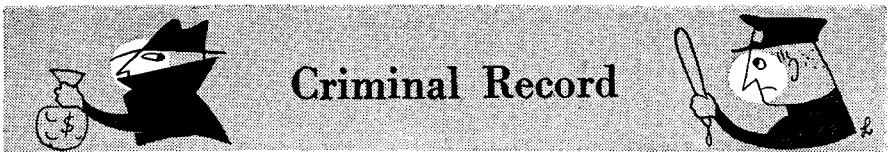
FROM BETA TO BOP: "Hard work," Professor Coleman rules dogmatically, is the sure way, and only way, to happiness. So he thrusts a Greek grammar into the hands of his son Jeremy and orders him to learn it and like it. But to the boy there is no happiness except at the piano, and, what makes his musical passion even more offensive to his father, he plays not classics, but jazz.

The father, his sister Eleanor, and his son, plus an additional narrator for a single chapter, tell this story, one after another, in **"Strike the Father Dead,"** by John Wain (St. Martins, $4.95). The boy feels he must break away from the onerous double discipline of home and school. His first step is a misstep; and he turns eighteen, a full two years older, before the desire for independence and the courage to strike out for it revive. A woman, always a woman, tempts him to abandon his father's tested precepts, take up bravely the only way of life that matters to him, and exchange the stodgy classroom for nightclub and concert hall. But it is an American Negro, named Percy, to whom he owes his maturity as pianist and as man.

The boy's first encounters with sex, alcohol, dance bands, and the problem of earning a living are comical and pathetic, too. He makes wrong turnings, he falters, he fumbles. Lucille isn't quite what he thought a woman would be; Percy isn't exactly the embodiment of his ideal of a friend; Tim is a baffling mixture: good, indifferent, unprincipled. In the end success and happiness come after hard work in jazz—much as they might have in Greek.

The clumsy technique of alternating narrators handicaps even an experienced novelist like this Englishman. But Jeremy's search for the one right way for Jeremy makes a moving story.

—W. G. Rogers.



LONG RUN SOUTH. *By Alan Williams. Little, Brown.* $3.95. English ex-reporter journeys to Morocco in search of adventure and finds plenty; death by violence abounds, as do echoes of Algerian war; much mint tea absorbed. Fine exotic noisemaker.

TRUST THE SAINT. *By Leslie Charteris. Crime Club.* $3.50. The perdurable Simon Templar here functions effectively in half a dozen exploits carried through in London, Paris, Hamburg, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark.

THE BABE WITH THE TWISTABLE ARM. *By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Gibby and Mac (New York assistant D.A. and pal) go into action when pair of murders breaks; down-shaking cop in cast. Rough and tumble.

DEATH FOR SHORT. *By John Gale. Macmillan.* $2.95. Here we go again with a British tale in which a euphoria-producing drug is the villain; casualties occur. Tongue-in-cheek job moves right along.

NEVER KILL A CLIENT. *By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Mike Shayne, rufous-pated Miami eye, commutes to L.A. on job but hustles back East when corpse turns up in his office and secretary turns up missing. Author's 44th job with this hero, 1939-62. (Circulation breakdown on page 26 of tale.)

MURDER IN MINNESOTA. *By Walter N. Trenerry. Minnesota Historical Society.* $3.95. This collection of true cases (1858-1917), fifteen strong, is as authentic history as wars, depressions, and Presidential elections. Let's have one of these fine jobs from each of the other 49 states.

NO BUGLES FOR SPIES: Tales of the OSS. *By Robert Hayden Alcorn. McKay.* $3.95 This is not so much an assemblage of "tales" as it is a brief history of the organization, exploits, and decline of the Office of Strategic Services, with several excellent case histories (author held high-ranking post). A fast-moving and important book.

DESPERATE MEN. *By James D. Horan. Doubleday.* $5.95. These "revelations from the sealed Pinkerton files" were first published in 1949; present edition is much enlarged. James Brothers, Younger Brothers, and numerous others are protagonists in this excellent chronicle of the West's great outlaws.

FIVE FAMOUS TRIALS. *By Maurice Moiseiwitsch. With commentaries by Lord Birkett. New York Graphic Society.* $4.95. Two 19th- and three 20th-century great British murder cases (Morrison, Maybrick, Brides-in-the-Bath Smith, Wallace, and Bartlett) are here deftly summarized, with extracts from testimony and notes by a leading barrister.

SECOND COUSIN REMOVED. *By Simon Troy. Macmillan.* $3.50. Demise of English small-time civic leader imperils widow, two children, and wooer; fine local cop is big factor in brisk yarn.

THE RED STOCKINGS. *By Pete Fry. Roy.* $2.95. Pete Fry, London eye (must be related to author), gets tangled in Foreign Office affairs, takes trip to Amsterdam, Hamburg; two die. Heavily diluted with conversation.

OF UNSOUND MIND. *By Harry Carmichael. Crime Club.* $3.50. Seven seemingly unrelated suicides stir curiosity of John Piper, London insurance assessor, and his buddy, Quinn of *Morning Post*. Highly ingenious performance.

THE DEMONIACS. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Mid-18th-century London is scene of our author's latest period piece, in which Laurence Sterne and Henry Fielding's brother John are characters. There are enlightening terminal "Notes for the Curious."

FIVE SPY NOVELS. *Selected and introduced by Howard Haycraft. Doubleday.* $5.95. Oppenheimer, Buchan, Ambler, Albrand, Coles (1920-1958) are here represented by full-length tales selected by a ranking expert. Choice omnibus.

THE DEAD PAST. *By Jean Scholey. Macmillan.* $3.95. Murder of Englishman in Tanganyika hands authorities with scanty resources a knotty problem. Background admirable in first mystery by this author, but story is largely formula.

DEATH AND CHICANERY. *By Philip MacDonald. Crime Club.* $3.50. Quartet of yarns (three serialized 1958-1960) takes in California, Outer Mongolia. Nice handling by an old pro.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One thing about paperbacks: you can often tell a book by its cover. Or at least its subject. Moreover, the covers are colorful and frequently imaginative. In short, they make fine gifts, inexpensive in price but offering the untold wealth that only books bring.

And for the man or woman who has everything, paperbacks can supply the answer. Does he have Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion"? He does? Ah, but does he have **"The Shaw Alphabet Edition of Androcles and the Lion"** (Penguin, 95¢)?

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

Great English Short Novels. Edited by Cyril Connolly. Apollo. $2.95. Eleven well-chosen works from Samuel Johnson to Virginia Woolf.

St. Petersburg. By Andrey Biely. Evergreen. $1.95. Sometimes hilarious, often terrifying tale of 1905 Russian revolution.

The Short Stories of James T. Farrell. Universal. $2.95. Fifty-two stories representing each phase of Farrell's long and prolific career.

The Black Book. By Lawrence Durrell. Cardinal. 75¢ An early and illuminating novel by the author of "The Alexandria Quartet."

Two Novels. By Ronald Firbank. New Directions. $1.90. The British satirist's loyal following will be pleased to find "The Flower Beneath the Foot" and "Prancing Nigger."

Through the Fields of Clover. By Peter DeVries. Signet. 60¢. A very funny novel about love, marriage, and sometimes both at the same time.

Lilith. By J. R. Salamanca. Bantam. 75¢. A young man's not-so-normal love for a beautiful and completely mad woman.

Revolutionary Road. By Richard Yates. Bantam. 60¢. A tale of modern manners and suburban living told with fresh insight.

Bang the Drum Slowly. Anchor. 95¢. The Southpaw. Charter Books. $1.65. Both by Mark Harris. A pair of baseball novels that are rewarding reading whether or not you like sports.

The Moviegoer. By Walker Percy. Popular. 50¢. The way we live now is often sad, at least in New Orleans. Winner of the 1962 National Book Award for fiction.

LITERARY LIFE

William Faulkner. By Irving Howe. Vintage. $1.45. The novels, stories, and people of Yoknapatawpha County contemplated with care and affection.

Stephen Crane. By John Berryman. Meridian. $1.65. A biography in which the dramatic events of Crane's life are told with restraint and careful documentation.

Marcel Proust. By Richard H. Barker. Universal. $2.25. A complex creative personality delicately etched against the backdrop of Paris in the Nineties.

F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Alfred Kazin. Collier. 95¢. Gertrude Stein, Heywood Broun, and John Dos Passos are among those whose writings appear in this critical anthology.

Classics and Commercials. By Edmund Wilson. Vintage. $1.85. Literary criticism written during the Forties comments on such "classics" as Jane Austen and Shakespeare and such "commercials" as Lloyd C. Douglas and Louis Bromfield, among others.

Literary Opinion in America. Edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel. Torchbooks. 2 vols. $2.45 each. Sixty years of literary criticism contained in a massive anthology.

THE OUTDOOR WORLD

Ring of Bright Water. By Gavin Maxwell. Crest. 60¢. All about a pair of otters named Mij and Edal.

Taylor's Garden Guide. Dell. 95¢. A handy encyclopedia of gardening information.

Born Free. By Joy Adamson. Macfadden. 75¢. The wife of a Kenya game warden recounts their experiences in raising Elsa, a lively and loving lioness.

Seal Morning. By Rowena Farre. Ace. 50¢. A reflective tale about solitude shared with seals and rabbits and deer. The setting is Scotland.

Of Men and Mountains. By William O. Douglas. Atheneum. $1.45. Exploring the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, Justice Douglas has some perceptive comments about man in the wilderness.

ART

Art Treasures of the Louvre. By René Huyghe. Dell. 95¢. The world's most richly endowed art museum is superbly represented.

A Concise History of Modern Painting. By Herbert Read. Praeger. $3.95. A lavish pictorial review of twentieth-century painting.

The Pocket History of American Painting. By John Thomas Flexner. Washington Square Press. 60¢. A neat handbook to 300 years of American art, from Copley to Graves.

The Art of the Ancient Near East. By Seton Lloyd. Praeger. $3.95. Splendid color reproductions of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Mesopotamian art that flourished long before Greece was in flower.

The Catalogue. By Saul Steinberg. Meridian. $2.75. A large portfolio of typically inscrutable drawings.

Rudiments of Connoisseurship. By Bernard Berenson. Schocken. $1.95.

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This century's most distinguished connoisseur of Italian art reflects on Mantegna, Filippino Lippi, and the subject of esthetic taste.

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The Mentor-Unesco Art Books. 95¢ each. A handsome quartet with full-page, full-color reproductions of little-known masterpieces: "Russian Icons," "Persian Miniatures," "Spanish Frescoes," and "Egyptian Wall Paintings."

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TV in America. By Meyer Weinberg. Ballantine. 75¢. A view of the "wasteland," with some reflections on the ruling commercial interests.

The Liberal Tradition in America. By Louis Hartz. Harvest. $1.95. A stimulating re-evaluation of American political thought.

Presidential Power. By Richard E. Neustadt. Science Editions. $1.65. The role of the Chief Executive compared to that of his Congress, his Cabinet, and his public.

The Robber Barons. By Matthew [illegible]ephson. Harvest. $2.25. An interesting era in our country's growth as reflected in the careers of six empire-builders.

Kidnap. By George Waller. Pocket Books. 75¢. The 1932 kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, complete with every spine-chilling detail.

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Samuel Beckett. By Hugh Kenner. Evergreen. $1.95. An exploration into the shadowy, enigmatic world of Beckett's drama.

Brecht. Edited by Peter Demetz. Prentice-Hall. $1.95. German dramatist, poet, and rebel Bertolt Brecht appraised in critical essays by various hands.

The Passionate Playgoer. By George Oppenheimer. Compass. $1.95. A delightful potpourri of theatre pieces by theatre people for theatregoers.

Long Day's Journey Into Night. By Eugene O'Neill. Yale. $1.45. Written in 1940 but not released until after the death of the dramatist, who called it his "play of old sorrow."

OTHER TIMES

The Bull of Minos. By Leonard Cottrell. Universal. $1.95. The drama of archeological "digs" only adds gloss to the splendor of prehistoric Greece.

Daily Living in the Twelfth Century. Based on the observations of Alexander Neckam in London and Paris. Wisconsin. $1.95. A medieval traveler tours from England to France, stopping at manor houses, churches, and for chats with wayfaring strangers.

Buckskin and Blanket Days. By Thomas Henry Tibbles. Bantam. 60¢. The rugged West as recalled by a man who was at various times circuit preacher, Populist Party candidate, and chief proponent of Indian rights.

The Splendid Little War. By Frank Freidel. Dell. 50¢. The Spanish-American conflict vividly recreated with the help of contemporary accounts.

World Events. 1962 Issue. Edited by Sir Ivison Macadam. Penguin. $3.95. The 203rd annual volume of a vast compendium of facts and figures about the international scene.

A Theological Word Book of the Bible. Edited by Alan Richardson. Macmillan. $1.95. From Abomination to Zeal, here's a word-by-word scrutiny of the Good Book.

HERE AND THERE

Mexico. By Erico Verissimo. Dolphin. $1.25. A Brazilian novelist chats expansively about his Mexican sojourn.

The Art of Travel. By Henry James. Anchor. $1.45. That Jamesian delicacy is marvelously suited to savoring the sights of France and Italy.

A Roman Journal. By Stendhal. Collier. $1.50. The Eternal City brilliantly illuminated in this 1829 traveler's guide.

Traveller's Prelude. By Freya Stark. Penguin. $1.45. A charming reminiscence of growing up early in this century in and around the Italian Alps.

How Much Is That in Dollars? By Art Buchwald. Crest. 50¢. Columnist Buchwald has a fine eye for hilarious aspects of Americans in Paris or Hong Kong, Germany or Rome.

Exodus Revisited. By Leon Uris. Bantam. 75¢. Israel, old and new, with Uris's poetic text and Dimitrios Harissiadis's dazzling photographs.

HUMOR

Stephen Leacock's Laugh Parade. Apollo. $1.95. Fiction, parodies, comic essays selected from more than twenty Leacock volumes.

The Humorous World of Jerome K. Jerome. Dover. $1. British humor, turn-of-the-century vintage, includes such essays as "American Wives à la Mode," "On Being Idle," and "On Love Philtres."

I'm a Stranger Here Myself. By Ogden Nash. Universal. $1.45. Hefty collection of poems, puns, limericks.

That's Me All Over. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Apollo. $1.85. That light and deft Skinner touch in an anthology that includes such pieces as "Pour le sport" and "Platform Performance."

The Thurber Carnival. By James Thurber. Dell. 75¢. Stories, fables, essays, and drawings from the early Thirties to World War II.

POETS AND POETRY

The Letters of Ezra Pound: 1907-1941. Edited by D. D. Paige. Harvest. $2.25. The poet's prodigious correspondence to T. S. Eliot, Amy Lowell, and James Joyce, among others, reveals him as irascible, courtly, magnanimous, and annoying.

New Poets of England and America. Edited by Donald Hall and Robert Pack. Meridian. $1.65. Three hundred poems by sixty-two poets, sampling the best of the younger talent.

i: Six Non-Lectures. By E. E. Cummings. Atheneum. $1.25. The Charles Eliot Norton "non-lectures" at Harvard, in which the poet talked of himself and his esthetic ideals.

Lyrics of the Middle Ages. Edited by Hubert Creekmore. Evergreen. $2.95. Hymns, chansons, rondeaus, ballades, and other forms of verse that flowered in medieval Europe.

The Stuffed Owl. Edited by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee. Capricorn. $1.25. Some of the world's great "bad" verse, which of course includes pieces by Dryden, Byron, Keats, and Longfellow.

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The Composer as Listener. By Irving Kolodin. Collier. $1.50. Sidelights on the musical world in letters, journals, and notes written by composers about music.

The State of Music. By Virgil Thomson. Vintage. $1.25. An urbane and interior view of the musical life.

The Jazz Life. By Nat Hentoff. Apollo. $1.65. A backstage view of jazzmen, their agents, public, and pride.

BOUTS

The Sweet Science. By A. J. Liebling. Black Cat. 75¢. A lovely, literate book about the unlovely sport of boxing.

How to Play Winning Chess. By Fred Reinfeld. Bantam. 60¢. For beginners, some basic advice; for experts, master games analyzed and illustrated.

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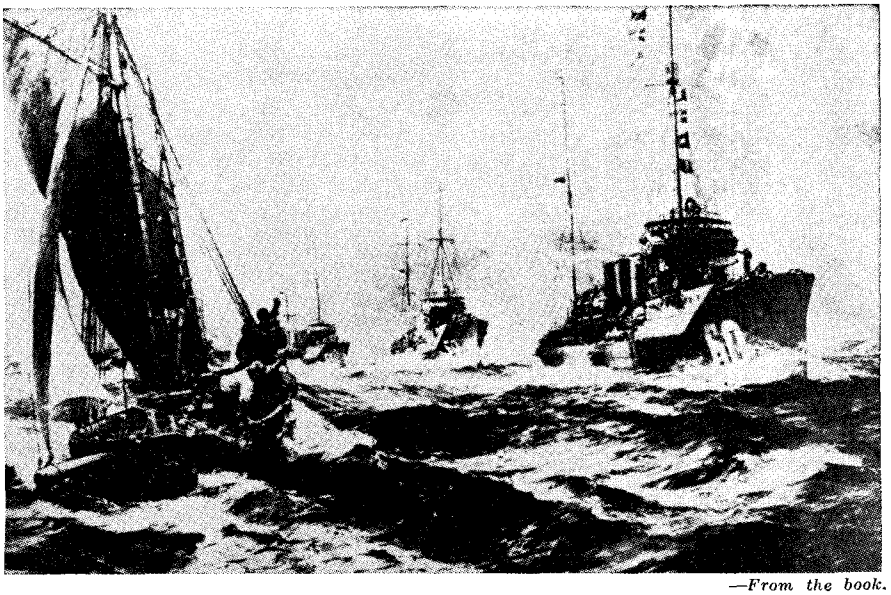
What Happened Over Here



—*From the book.*

The indispensable destroyers—luminaries get the full treatment.

"Mr. Wilson's War," by John Dos Passos *(Doubleday. 528 pp. $6.95), is a factual account of the conflict treated fictionally in the author's 1921 novel, "Three Soldiers." S. L. A. Marshall wrote "Night Drop."*

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

BY THE calendar, the period from 1921 to 1962 comes to forty-one years. But the distance between "Three Soldiers" and "Mr. Wilson's War" in the life and writing of John Dos Passos measures from here to eternity.

To end the suspense, let me say right now that the difference created by the years is wholly to my taste. "Three Soldiers" was called intensely realistic by the critics, as invariably happens when any story of men in war is slanted toward morbidity. To my mind, it was grotesque in the same way that "All Quiet on the Western Front" was a travesty: it did not mirror life as the troops know it.

Dos Passos has never written with a lighter, more whimsical touch than in "Mr. Wilson's War." Chatty, gossipy, frivolous—such adjectives may seem to have a nasty ring when applied to a historical work; but one must take that chance and hope for understanding. There is something in this book for everyone, including AEF vets whose memories are fast fading, historians digging for obscure items, embryo politicians who would know how the game is played, soldiers who dote on tactics and the moral forces, and housewives who believe that love conquers all. In its pace, scope, and style, the narrative is reminiscent of "Only Yesterday."

The title could not have been better chosen. There are considerable gaps in the coverage of the great conflict, particularly the period prior to America's entry. Europe's ordeal is hardly more than a threatening shadow providing a backdrop to the drama of national politics. But there are no gaps concerning Mr. Wilson, young-man-on-his-way-up, educator, idealist, political novice, war President, man in love. His strengths, judgments, and manner of handling interpersonal relationships are all here.

This perforce means that Dos Passos's book has its roots in the nineteenth century, though it formally opens on a day in September 1901. We hear President William McKinley speaking: "Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, in all Christendom." Who'd have thought it? In delineating Mr. Wilson's rise to power, the author turns with enthusiasm to the times, men, issues, and national mood that gave him wing. What an extraordinary gallery of contemporaries, including political friends and foemen and people playing bit parts; and what an exciting but relatively restful age was that, my countrymen! With every introduction of characters, be they principals or supernumeraries, there is a trenchant personal profile. Dos Passos does this with such art that he makes peace no less exciting than war.

He writes of the first Roosevelt: "Since Jefferson, whom T. R. acutely disliked, no American President had exhibited such varied interests or shown himself so completely to the manor born." Yet the fiercely ingenuous, ham-actorish, and gasconading quirks of T. R.'s makeup are also fully exposed. He speaks of Owen Wister, "whose head was a roost for all the snobberies acquired in undergraduate days at Harvard"; of W. H. Taft, "Billy Possum who never caught on"; of Henry Ford, whose "formation was that of a rural mechanic"; of Wilson himself, who "like Oscar Wilde liked his flattery to be gross." There are these words about Colonel House: "a mousily quiet man with high cheekbones and a receding chin, with something pebblelike about the opaque blue in his eyes." It is House who says of W. J. Bryan: "He feels his ideas are God-given—the most opinionated man I've ever met."

There is such sock in these vignettes that the continuity of the narrat rates as a bonus. Once America ent the war, Dos Passos gives the national effort and the adventures and fortunes of Pershing's AEF their full due, which is not to say that he goes any lighter with the character sketching. Pershing, Foch, Haig, Lloyd George, Pétain, Harbord, and a host of other luminaries get the full treatment.

But the connected story, of the Expedition in triumph and adversity, the nation rallying to the cause and failing miserably in war production, the troops in their misery and exaltation, the generals in their grander moments and hours of pettiness, is dextrously woven.

The stuffed-shirt historian might not say so. Dos Passos has roamed far and wide for his sources, many of which would not pass official inspection. But why cavil at that? The stor's the thing, and this is a good one. More than any other writer, Dos Passos has recaptured the prevailing mood of the AEF, essentially a light-hearted and gallant army though its burdens were many and its afflictions grievous. Elsewhere I have written that the soldiers in that show uniquely felt there would never be an end; the miracle was that th could endure that thought and go laughing. One would hardly have guessed it from reading "Three Soldiers"—something I have waited forty-one years to say.

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Invincible in Defeat

"The Battle for Bunker Hill," by Richard M. Ketchum *(Doubleday. 232 pp. $4.50), distills the best from earlier accounts and adds new facts on a crucial episode in our history. William C. Kiessel often comments on books having to do with the American Revolution.*

By WILLIAM C. KIESSEL

THERE is magic in certain names—Guadalcanal, Gettysburg, the Alamo, Bunker Hill—names that make one proud to be an American. And Bunker Hill, especially, is more than just a name; it is an emotion.

The first planned clash between British Regulars and Colonial Provincials, called by contemporaries the Battle of Charlestown, is known today as the Battle of Bunker Hill. Yet, as every schoolboy is smugly aware, the conflict was actually fought on nearby Breed's Hill, a reckless change in plans that still puzzles military strategists. There on Charlestown peninsula, situated a third of a mile across open water from besieged Boston, British troops on that stifling hot Saturday afternoon of June 17, 1775, suffered the greatest number of casualties of any single conflict between Braddock's defeat in 1775 to the Battle of New Orleans in 1815.

Despite this terrific loss, contemporaries considered the Battle for Bunker Hill a British victory, because the defending Provincials, after exhausting their limited ammunition, were forced to club their way off the field in semi-orderly retreat. For decades this battle was mentioned only in embarrassed tones, and it was slighted in early accounts of the Revolution. Not until the Bunker Hill Centennial were specific histories carefully researched and issued, by Adams, Drake, Ellis, and Wheildon. Subsequently, additional documented studies were published by Frothingham, French, Murdock, and Fleming.

Richard M. Ketchum, editor of "The American Heritage Book of the Revolution," has distilled the best from these earlier versions, and has added facts and ubtracted fiction to produce an exceptionally smooth narrative that will not only hold the most reluctant reader but satisfy the avid historian. In addition, the book is enhanced by maps, illustrations, an index, and a bibliography.

However, just as there were flaws in the plans of the Provincials in fortifying Breed's Hill, such as failing to extend the redoubt flanking defenses to the water's edge, so are there minor weaknesses in Ketchum's over-all planning. He does not consistently give the sources of his numerous quotations. Joseph Warren's participation is minimized, neglecting information made available in a recent biography. Also, after a well-chosen opening, the narration bogs down in what appears to be extraneous ramblings on the preliminaries that led to the decision to challenge the British Army by occupying Charlestown peninsula. And the concluding chapter is anticlimactic.

But in his sanguinary battle descriptions Ketchum is vivid. He tells of a messenger dispatched three and one-half miles on foot for immediate reinforcements; of the lack of foresight in providing an escape route; of how only several hundred Provincials actually fought at Breed's Hill while 1,000 reserves milled aimlessly on Bunker Hill 600 yards to the rear; of going into battle with insufficient artillery, ammunition, food, and water, and with inadequate staff organization. Of cowardice there was some; of bravery there was much.

This is a dramatic retelling of a dramatic incident. Had those inexperienced farmers and craftsmen on Breed's Hill failed, the fight for freedom and independence might very well have collapsed two brief months after the spontaneous outbreak at Lexington and Concord. However, nine months after the Pyrrhic British victory, which proved that the Continentals could stand up to the disciplined Regulars, with clubs and rocks when necessary, the British Army evacuated Boston.

"The Battle for Bunker Hill" can be read in a single sitting—and probably will be.

Decision on Cemetery Hill

"Soldiers' Battle: Gettysburg," by James Warner Bellah *(McKay. 204 pp. $3.95), recapitulates an event in U.S. history that has come to epitomize belief in the American ideal. Books by the noted Civil War historian Earl Schenck Miers include "Robert E. Lee."*

By EARL SCHENCK MIERS

IT IS a risky conjecture, but one we are willing to gamble on, that each year more Americans visit the battlefield at Gettysburg than any other historic site in the United States. Why? A variety of answers is possible: the fact that the North won here; the fact that in invading Pennsylvania rather than in helping his beleaguered nation at Vicksburg, Lee triumphed as a Virginian but failed as a Confederate; or, which is more likely, the fact that Mr. Lincoln, in dedicating a national cemetery here some months after the battle, succeeded almost as eloquently as the Founding Fathers in defining the American ideal. So, in retrospect, we remember Gettysburg as the place where we were to experience "a new birth of freedom." We remember Gettysburg as the place where, through Lincoln, we pledged to the world that government of, for, and by the people would not perish from the earth.

General James F. Rusling—who, as a Union general, wasn't much of a hero—tells a story about Lincoln and Gettysburg that may just possibly be true. The occasion was in Washington shortly after the battle, when the President called on Dan Sickles, that Tammany politician turned general who through his own stupidity lost a leg on the second day at Gettysburg and came close to losing the Northern cause along with it. Hadn't Mr. Lincoln feared for the result at Gettysburg, the incredible Dan inquired; and, according to the almost incredible Rusling, the President replied:

"In the very pinch of the campaign there [Gettysburg], I went to my room one day and got down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him that this was His country, and the war was His war, but that we really couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker, that if He would stand by you boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him."

Since the North prevailed, Lincoln

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—*Bettmann Archive.*

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—"the soldiers speak for themselves."

apparently knew how to make the right sporting proposition to Heaven, which may be the reason why he endures as our most appealing President. And if, accepting General Rusling's story, you can believe that Mr. Lincoln uttered these remarks "almost as Moses might have spoken when he came down from Sinai," who can doubt that Gettysburg occupies a unique place in our history? Can its familiar story be retold too often? We think not, and for that reason this new book by James Warner Bellah is eminently justified.

Mr. Bellah, trained in magazine work, is known as a "slick writer," which means that he is easy to read and easy to forget. His prose is fast-paced; he emotes, but, happily, he also quotes, and it is in those sections where he lets the soldiers speak for themselves that this work approaches greatness, for a man willing to face death for his principles acquires an undeniable nobility.

There are controversies about Gettysburg that will still be debated a century hence. Mr. Bellah takes a few in stride, and, we believe, does as well as anyone in putting Robert E. Lee and George G. Meade in perspective. Lee was sick with dysentery; Meade was steady and not too imaginative, and so carried the campaign. If you've never read a book about Gettysburg, you may find immense enjoyment in this one. Civil War buffs should be permitted to skip long, well-known passages.

ADMIRALS OF THE INLAND WATER: Four new volumes have been published for the Civil War Christmas trade interested in the water side of the great conflict a century ago. Virgil Carrington Jones completes his definitive history of naval operation, "The Civil War at Sea," with a splendid third volume, **"The Final Effort"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.50), a job that greatly needed doing in depth for both the scholar and general reader of Civil War history. Then there is Robert MacBride's new book on the low-in-the-water **"Civil War Ironclads"** (Chilton, $7.50), which complements the more general studies of the war on river and ocean and is, to the true Centennial *aficionado*, equally valuable in its wealth of detail about the dawn of naval armor. Here are the Stevens brothers and their fantastic but uncompleted ironclad which lay a-rusting on the ways at Hoboken as war opened; John Ericsson's armored cheesebox on a raft (of questionable seaworthiness); the great inland ironclads, gunboats mostly but dreadfully destructive upriver; the tinclads; and the mortar-carrying monsters that had a way of exploding in the face of the loader. Good sound work here, highly technical but readable for a layman.

A pictorial history of the Confederate navy has also seen publication through the diligent researches of Philip Van Doren Stern, the highly educated Civil War buff. Published by Doubleday at $7.95 ($6.95 if you order the book before Christmas), **"The Confederate Navy"** is an outsize volume, profusely illustrated, and completely ingratiating in format. If any phase of the war at sea (and on river) from the Southern side has been omitted here, these old eyes have been reading Civil War stuff for thirty years for nothing. Probably the best Christmas present you could give to the Centennial fan who "has everything."

Bern Anderson's engaging one-volume résumé of Civil War naval actions, **"By Sea and by River"** (Knopf, $5.95), tells the familiar stories of Forts Henry and Donelson, of the USS *Monitor* against the CSS *Virginia* (*née Merrimack*), of Farragut's daring capture of the forts guarding New Orleans and Mobile Bay, and of the reduction of Vicksburg. But, more important still, he gives the general reader possibly his first balanced knowledge of the sum of operations in the inland Western rivers, the Union naval blockade that may have been crucial to the war's outcome, the important Virginia and Carolina waters actions, and the *Trent* affair, which might in less competent hands have brought England into the war on the side of the South. The Confederate Navy is by no means slighted, moreover, as befits the facts, for the rebel ironclads and river rams, blockade runners and raiders made life pretty miserable for the victors until the very hour of surrender.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

B'S FORE AND AFT

Not many words in the English language both begin *and* end with the letter *b*, but Gertrude Germond of Chautauqua, New York, has found ten of them and asks you to fill in the required letters. Answers on page 64.

1. A root or an electric light.	b ___ ___ b
2. To smear.	b ___ ___ ___ ___ b
3. The prince of demons.	B ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ b
4. A weapon.	b ___ ___ b
5. An African tree.	b ___ ___ ___ ___ b
6. Is found on a fish hook.	b ___ ___ b
7. A child wears one when eating	b ___ b
8. A haircut.	b ___ b
9. A big drop of paint.	b ___ ___ b
10. To chatter unwisely.	b ___ ___ b

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Barbirolli's Mahler 9 — Non-Gala "Ballo"

THE New York Philharmonic made Sir John Barbirolli a going-away gift at the end of his brief guest engagement which spoke in equal parts of respect and affection. It was not an inscribed silver tray, but four performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 9, which were of a quality to delight any conductor. Through a series of circumstances—not the least of which is the composer's own historical connection with this orchestra—the Philharmonic has probably played more Mahler than any other orchestra in the world, and what it gives comes meaningfully.

Barbirolli's Mahler is not Viennese certainly, perhaps not even Austrian. But it is solidly and intrinsically musical, with a sense of the phrase, an ear for the color, and a heart for the pulse of Mahler's music which becomes him profoundly as an artist. "Him" in this context could mean either Barbirolli or Mahler, which is less a confusion of construction than an inter-identity of creator and recreator, fair evidence that the essential act of interpretation has occurred.

Lest it may be forgotten, Barbirolli's own background as an orchestral musician is very much a part of his procedure. One might put it, in the context of Lincoln's phrase, "As he would not be a slave, so he would not be a master." Rendered musically, it means that he views his function literally as "leader" rather than driver or disciplinarian. It is the van Beinum concept of *primus inter pares* ("first among equals") and when it works, as it did in this instance, one hears that the Philharmonic horns can master the tricky problems of movement one with beautifully controlled as well as precisely accurate sound, that the strings can sigh as well as exult, its woodwinds phrase with the best (at the end of the second movement), and its peerless percussionist (Saul Goodman) make a vibrant melodic instrument of what is too often merely a source of noise. It was a multiplicity of such fine details that made up the continuously interesting texture of the four movements. But their purposefulness reposed in Barbirolli's long vista of how they should play their part in the hour-and-twenty-minute sequence. The Mahler was preceded by the Haydn D major Cello Concerto in which Aldo Parisot was an orderly, efficient, and a mite colorless soloist.

Some things were changed but many more remained the same in this season's first Metropolitan performance of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" in the production that was new last spring. Once again we are having the Ita Maximowna stage designs, which play down in an eerie half light, almost everything prior to the final episodes; the Gunther Rennert stage direction, which does not do much to support his German reputation, and a cast with Leonie Rysanek (Amelia) and Robert Merrill (Renato) as before. Alterations included Richard Tucker rather than Carlo Bergonzi as Riccardo, Lili Chookasian for Jean Madeira as Ulrica, and Mattiwilda Dobbs in place of Anneliese Rothenberger as Oscar. These matched plusses and minuses in a way that tended to cancel advantage by disadvantage to a final sum of alteration without improvement.

On a second round of viewing, more than a little of this must be put directly to the responsibility of Nello Santi, who made his debut with the new "Ballo" last season. He is an energetic, conscientious, and musically disposed maestro, but he doesn't have nearly the effective command of this score as he does of "Aïda." This, in turn, diminishes the command he can exercise over such strong-willed performers as Rysanek, Tucker, and Merrill. They were going mostly their way rather than his, stretching out top tones, blasting at their pleasure, and otherwise having a jolly bad time (Verdi-wise) of it all.

Miss Rysanek's seasonal reappearance suggested that some of her vocal decline over the past few seasons has been arrested, the situation fairly stabilized. However, this does not mean that she is in truly good sound, for it is foggy and unfocused at the bottom, rather dull in the middle. Only the extraordinary top, over which she still retains control at extremes of soft and loud, is what it should be. This means that an aria that ranges over its full compass (as, for example, "Ma dall' arido stelo" in Act II) has a variety of values, depending on which part of the voice is being used. Her relief when that was behind her was almost as visible as it was audible; she went on with a good deal more freedom and something like equality of texture. But it is far from the voice it should be at this point of her youthful career.

Tucker, of course, has no vocal problem—save how to make the heady, sparkling sounds he produces relate in some measure to the character of the opera in which he is performing. Whether as poet or potentate, Tucker remains a leading exponent of opera-in-costume, charming the ear by seductive sound, but leaving the intellect at a loss to couple his action with the prescriptions of the text. As Renato, our leading American baritone continues, as one might say, Merrilly to roll along.

As for those not previously seen in their current assignments, Miss Chookasian lacks as yet the stage flair to make the most of her vocal endowment as Ulrica. This has less to do with action per se (Ulrica's principal requirement is to look untidy) than with the disposition of accent and color to match the menace in the music she sings. Miss Dobbs's Oscar is no more audible than her predecessors', which means, simply, that the Metropolitan's Central Casting is still miscasting in this role. John Macurdy made a debut to commend in the almost unidentifiable part of Tom. But there must be much more upgrading elsewhere before this is a "Ballo" to commend.

Ralph Votapek made the kind of impression many young American pianists do at a Carnegie Hall debut, stronger for its pianistic facility than for its musical disposition thereof. However, as Votapek came with the credentials of grand prize winner of the first Cliburn competition in Fort Worth (which earned him, in addition to this recital and other appearances elsewhere, an annual stipend of $2,500 for the next four years), something more distinctive might have been hoped for in his Beethoven (Opus 2, No. 2), Schumann ("Fantasy"), Bartók, Debussy, and Ravel. It merely proved that the conditions of open competition (Votapek vs. Carnegie Hall) are more rigorous than those of a closed competition in Fort Worth, no matter how inclusive its candidates.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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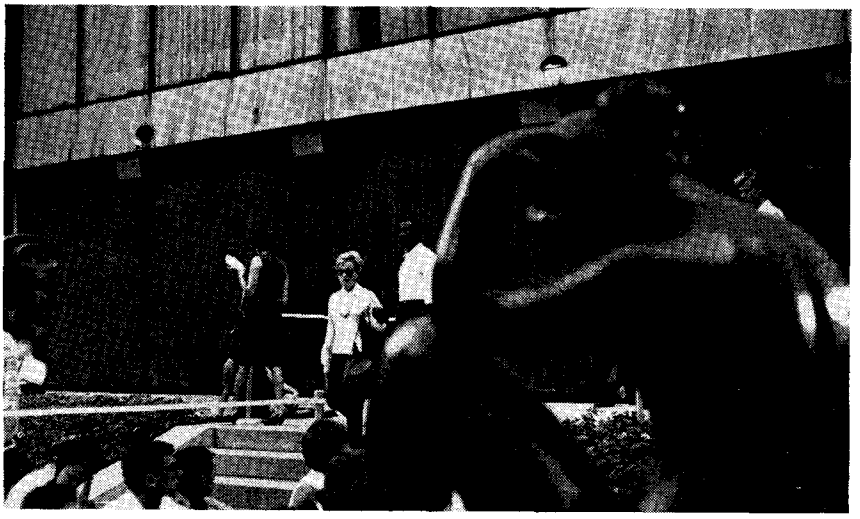


AR-2a loudspeakers in the background, a Maillol bronze in the foreground

Even a jazz band isn't loud enough to fill the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art, where a series of concerts was given this summer. An amplifying system was needed that would preserve the natural quality of the live instruments. Mechanical "public address" sound would not do.

AR and DYNAKIT at NEW YORK'S MUSEUM of MODERN ART

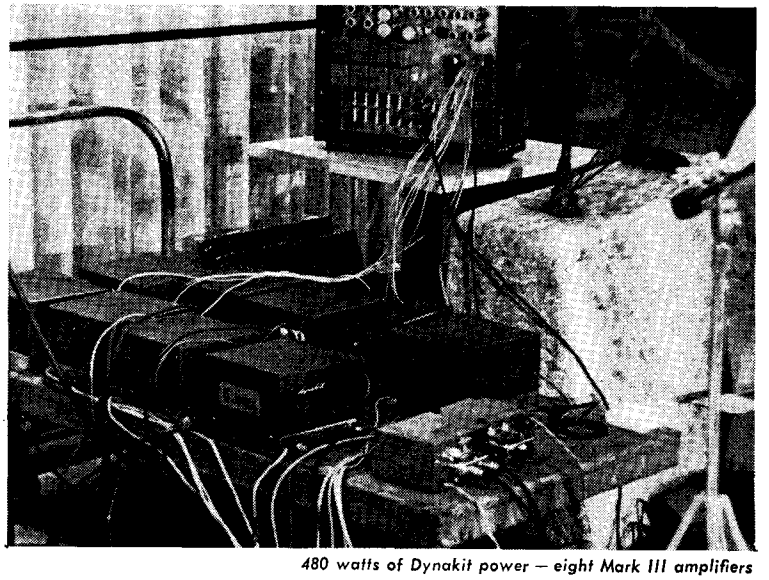
The audio components chosen for the job — eight Dynakit Mark III amplifiers and eight AR-2a loudspeakers — are often used professionally because of their high quality, but they are designed primarily for home high fidelity systems. They are in the low-medium price range.

The Gerry Mulligan quartet

Concert reviews don't usually include references to electronic equipment. A review in the New York Herald Tribune congratulated the Museum on its "superb new sound system."

AR SPEAKERS and DYNAKIT AMPLIFIERS may be heard together at AR Music Rooms, on the west balcony of Grand Central Terminal and at 52 Brattle Street in Cambridge, Massachusetts. No sales are made or initiated at these showrooms.

Literature is available on request from either of the two companies listed below.



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THE CRITICS CHOOSE THEIR FAVORITE RECORDINGS OF 1962

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WHEN, before his death in 1911, Gustav Mahler expressed the conviction "My time will come," could he have had a foresight that fifty years later a cross-section of opinion among record critics would rate the recording of his Symphony No. 9 as the one of 1962 they recalled "with most pleasure"? This accolade bestowed on the late Bruno Walter's recording for Columbia, was voted by seventeen of the more than seventy persons participating in the poll—or a larger number than could agree on the distinction of any other single orchestral work released during the year.

Undoubtedly, this related in more than a small way to the compulsion in the performance directed by Walter, but the fact must be recorded nevertheless that it was the choice of a substantial segment headed by John Ardoin of *Musical America,* and continuing alphabetically through Fredson Bowers, of the Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch;* Roger Dettmer of the Chicago (Ill.) *American;* Ogden G. Dwight of the Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* and *Tribune;* Michael J. Giarratano, Evansville (Ind.) *Sunday Courier and Express;* Sherman Gottesman, *Musical Leader;* Nell Lawson, Buffalo (N.Y.) *Evening News;* James Lyons, *The American Record Guide;* Joseph McLellan, *The Pilot,* Boston (Mass.); Edwin Miller, *Seventeen;* William Mootz, Louisville, (Ky.) *Courier-Journal;* Arden X. Pangborn, the *Oregon Journal* (Portland, Oregon); Truman Stacy, Lake Charles (La.) *American Press;* Bernard Soll, *Showbill;* George W. Stowe, Hartford (Conn.) *Courant;* Dean Wallace, San Francisco (Calif.) *Chronicle;* and the undersigned.

Almost as many—though not the same ones—were in accord that the top operatic recording of the year was Wagner's "Die Walküre," made by RCA Victor in London under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf. These included Paul Affelder of the Newark (N.J.) *News;* Martin Bookspan, *Jewish Advocate;* Michael Chiusano, *Music Journal;* Benjamin W. Doroff, the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Post-Standard;* Lester Fleischer, *Music Vendor Magazine;* George Greiff, Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution;* Hillmar Grondahl, *The Oregonian;* Jerald Krupnick, Newark (N.J.) *Star-Ledger;* Rob-

Top Records of 1962

The record reviewers of the nation's press who responded to this year's Critics Poll cited the following recordings in their respective categories as the ones they "recalled with most pleasure."

ORCHESTRAL: Symphony No. 9 (Mahler). Bruno Walter conducting (Columbia)
"Also Sprach Zarathustra" (Strauss). Fritz Reiner conducting (RCA Victor)

OPERA: "Die Walküre" (Wagner). Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Birgit Nilsson, George London, Rita Gorr, and Jon Vickers (RCA Victor)
"Fidelio" (Beethoven) Otto Klemperer conducting, with Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, etc. (Angel)
"Aïda" (Verdi). Georg Solti conducting, with Leontyne Price, Jon Vickers, etc. (RCA Victor)

CONCERTO: Violin Concerto (Brahms), David Oistrakh, with Otto Klemperer conducting (Angel)

INSTRUMENTAL: Piano Recital (works of Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Schumann, etc). Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

OUTSTANDING NEW ARTISTS: Erick Friedman, violin (RCA Victor), Régine Crespin, soprano (Angel)

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ert Marsh, Chicago (Ill.) *Sun-Times;* Steve Rubin, *Square Journal,* (N.Y.); Delos Smith, United Press International; Bobby Scott, *Radio Mirror;* and a sampling of those identified in the Mahler No. 9 listing. Second to "Walküre" (in some respects only by a technicality, as the two were frequently mentioned as an entry) was Beethoven's "Fidelio" in the Klemperer version for Angel with ten votes. Among those who named it first were the writer of the Florestan Croche column in the Baltimore (Md.) *Sun;* Donald J. Henahan, Chicago (Ill.) *Daily News;* Paul Hume, Washington (D.C.) *Post;* Martin Mayer, *Esquire* magazine; Clyde B. Neibarger, Kansas City (Mo.) *Star;* Tilden Wells of the Columbus (O.) *Dispatch;* and a trio of those with a preference for Mahler. Two of these were also among the nine who voted for RCA's "Aïda," with Leontyne Price and conducted by Georg Solti. Others were Christie Barter, *Cue;* Milton A. Caine, *Aviation News;* Herbert Kupferberg, *New York Herald Tribune;* Roy Hemming, *Scholastic* Magazines; C. J. McNaspy, S.J., *America* magazine; John Voorhees, Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer;* and Bill Woolsey, Louisville (Ky.) *Times.*

As multiple favor in such a tabulation as this represents a more than casual endorsement of policy and procedure, it may be mentioned that two London products—Strauss's "Salome" and Handel's "Alcina"—each received six votes, and RCA Victor's "Aïda" appealed to five. Sharing the preference for the Solti-directed "Salome" were Cliff Coleman of the Honolulu (Hawaii) *Star Bulletin;* Alfred Marcello, *OSIA News* (Worcester, Mass.); Joseph Gale, *New Jersey Music and Arts Magazine;* Walter F. Grueninger, *Consumer Bulletin;* and Messrs. Dettmer and Soll, whose reaffiliation has been identified in Mahler No. 9. "Alcina" enthusiasts ranged from Nat Lehrman of *Gent* Magazine to Discus of *Harper's,* with William J. Swank, the Jackson (Mich.), *Citizen-Patriot,* and Ruth Tripp, the Providence (R.I.) *Journal-Bulletin.* Finally there were five for the Leinsdorf-led "Bohème" with Anna Moffo on RCA Victor, of which—hardly surprising!—none were identified in the Mahler tabulation. They are John C. Acord III, *The Daily Oklahoman* (Oklahoma City, Okla.); David E. Clayman, *The Jewish Review,* (Cleveland, Ohio); Michael O'Hare, *Cambridge 38,* The Magazine of Harvard; Francis A. Klein, St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat;* Hugh A. Mulligan, The Associated Press; and Oscar Smith, Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal.* Among other stage works which received a vote or two apiece in the "opera category" (whether or not they strictly qualified) were Stravinsky's "Renard" on Columbia (Benjamin Boretz, *The Nation*), Strauss's "Elektra" on Deutsche Grammophon (Don O. Noel, Jr., Hartford, Conn., *Times*), London's "Rigoletto" with Joan Sutherland (Charles Richman, Brooklyn, N.Y., *Record*), Orff's "Antigonae" on D. G. (Paul Little, *Musical Courier*), and Britten's "Noye's Fludde" on London (Stuart Stephenson, Roanoke, Va., *Times*).

In the orchestral category, nothing else approached the Mahler No. 9 in memorability, but several respondents gave honorable mention to Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" in the Fritz Reiner-Chicago Symphony version on RCA Victor (likewise their Beethoven Symphonies Nos. 1 and 9); to Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherezade" in the issue on London by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande orchestra; to the Delius collection by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia); the Berlioz "Romeo and Juliet" by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor); the Command recordings of Brahms's Symphony No. 2, and the excerpts from Wagner's "Ring" (both by the Pittsburgh Symphony under the direction of William Steinberg); and to various of the Otto Klemperer-Philharmonia recordings on Angel (Schubert C major and Bruckner No. 7 in particular).

No single recording of a concerto enjoyed a heavy vote in this tabulation, a reflection more on the issues than on the voters. Those that were mentioned four or five times each included the Brahms in D by David Oistrakh with Otto Klemperer conducting (Angel); the pairing of Prokofiev and Rachmaninoff made in Russia by Byron Janis with Kyril Kondrashin conducting and likewise on Mercury; the two Lisz concerti performed by Sviatoslav Richter with the same conductor and an English orchestra; Heifetz's "Scotch" fantasy of Bruch for RCA Victor; the Serkin-Bernstein version of the Beethoven "Emperor" on Columbia; Van Cliburn's Rachmaninoff No. 2 with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony (RCA Victor); and the Berg concerto for violin by Isaac Stern with Bernstein conducting (Columbia).

A silhouette of Mahler dated 1901.

Topping all other multiple mentions was the name of the pianist slyly listed by Martin Bookspan under "outstanding new artist"—Vladimir Horowitz. His "comeback," as some described it, caused about one in every three voters in the category of "instrumental" record recalled with "the most pleasure" to mention his Recital for Columbia (a total of twenty-four). This didn't provide for much other unanimity in this category, but there was agreement aplenty in the solo vocal, where Victoria de los Angeles's "Spanish Songs of the Renaissance" (Angel) were noted by nine persons, and Fischer-Dieskau's name was connected with a variety of composers—Schubert, Liszt, etc. The Budapest Beethoven Quartets for Columbia were commended as was the same company's recording of the White House concert with Pablo Casals.

Among those who treated the "outstanding new artist" category with less levity than Bookspan, two names were dominant: violinist Erick Friedman of RCA Victor affiliation, and pianist Ivan Davis, who does his recording for Columbia. Two of the three reviewers who heard Régine Crespin at her Chicago appearances thought the French soprano should do more recording, a number likely to be augmented as her season's work at the Metropolitan progresses.

As happens annually in this compilation, the opportunity offered in the category "other comments" brought forward a clear index to what a number of reviewers have on their mind (if anything). Many found surfaces "incredibly bad" (to cite Robert E. Benson of the Baltimore (Md.) *American,* or objected, as did Les Zacheis, of the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette,* to the still excessive pattern of duplication. If there was a single trend of opinion to which the record buying public would most readily give consent, it was the comment of the Hartford *Courant's* George W. Stowe: "Record companies should sharply restrict their output and strive to produce something of lasting or definitive value."

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(S)35937

We could try to describe the voice of Victoria de Los Angeles, but we won't.

(The critics do it so much better.)

"For HIGH FIDELITY's reviewers, Victoria de Los Angeles is the artist of the year." HIGH FIDELITY, December 1962

"Is there a more exquisite voice in the world today?" DISCUS, HARPER'S MAGAZINE

"The Spanish soprano could well be the most refined vocal artist in existence today." DISCUS, HARPER'S MAGAZINE

"Whatever the music demands, Victoria de Los Angeles responds with unfailing artistry." HI FI/STEREO REVIEW

Here is a complete discography of recordings by Victoria de Los Angeles on Angel Records. Let us call your attention to her newest album *Cantos de España*, an exciting addition to her Spanish song collections.

OPERA

BIZET: Carmen (S)3613 C/L, Highlights (S)35818

DEBUSSY: Pélleas et Mélisande 3561 C/L

GOUNOD: Faust (S)3622 D/L, Highlights (S)35827

PUCCINI: Gianni Schicchi (S)35473 L
Madame Butterfly (S)3604 C/L, Highlights (S)35821
Suor Angelica 35748 L

VERDI: La Traviata (S)3623 C/L, Highlights (S)35822
Simon Boccanegra 3617 C/L

RECITALS

Canto a Sevilla 35440
Spanish Song of the Renaissance (S)35888 L
20th Century Spanish Songs (S)35775
Duets, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (S)35963
The Fabulous Victoria de Los Angeles (S)35971
To be released in February
The Faure Requiem (S)35974

Angel

See your record dealer for a complete listing of all the selections in each album.

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On, Tweeter! on, Woofer!

By IVAN BERGER

CHRISTMAS presents for the audiophile pose no problem—in the higher brackets. Just lead your hi-fi bug past the right shop windows and mark the spot where he comes to a graceful, quivering point. Unfortunately, he's usually pointing at some major component beyond his financial reach—and yours.

In the lower price ranges, there are a multiplicity of gifts available, but selection is still a problem. One obvious answer is records, either on discs or prerecorded tapes. A good rule of thumb —though not always easy to interpret —is to give your audiophile something he wants, but wouldn't buy for himself. A little-known piece by his favorite composer, for example, or the stereo version of an opera he already has in mono. Or yet another performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (One Ninth is never enough). Reference books on music make good gifts, and can range in price from about 75¢ for a paperback musical dictionary to ten dollars or more for the larger works. Biographies of favorite composers and books on music and its appreciation are also welcome. And for the musically knowledgeable, why not scores for his favorite recorded pieces?

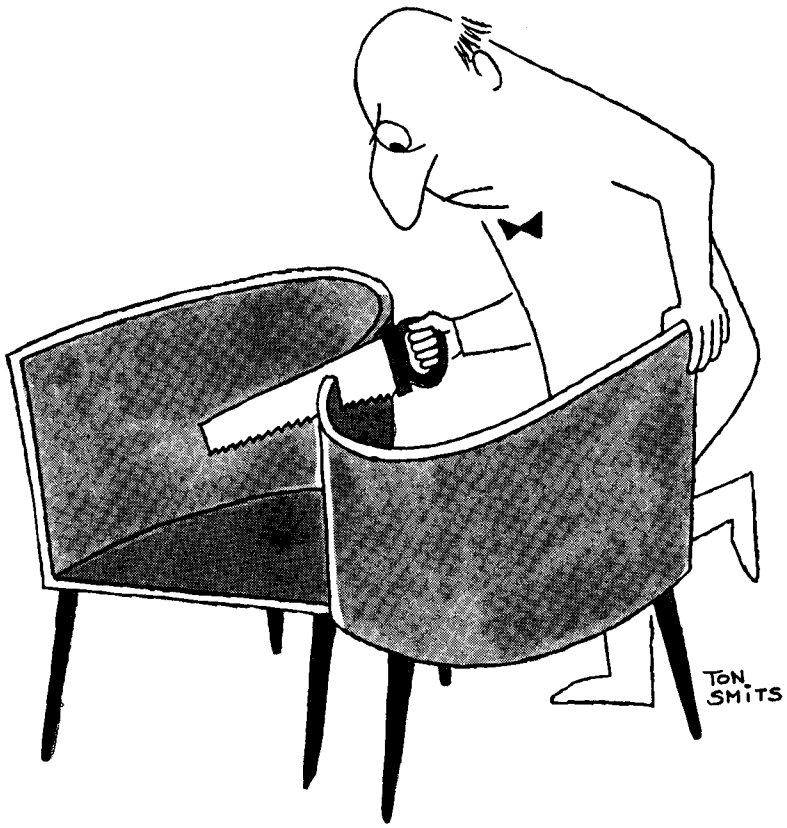
There are also books on records themselves, such as the annual collections of record reviews from *High Fidelity* magazine, hardbound under the title "Records in Review" ($6.95). Comprehensive coverage of each year's recordings gives a surprisingly well-rounded picture of what's available on records, and most reviews describe the work as well as the performance, providing each annual with a permanent use. Warren DeMotte's "LP/Stereo Record Guide & Tape Review" (95¢) takes a different tack, listing several performances of each work covered, and describing their differences. Either or both are good guides to intelligent record buying. On the technical side, there is the ultra-comprehensive "Audio Cyclopedia" ($19.95) for the knowledgeable audiophile, and the many paperbacks from such specialized electronics publishers as Gernsback, Rider, and Sams (about $1.50-$3.50).

What's left, of course, is gadgets and accessories, and next to photography, few fields offer such a wide choice of them as does high fidelity.

For the tape enthusiast, there is a broad range of gifts in every price category. From empty reels, leader, and splicing tape, the list goes through blank tape and pre-recorded tapes, head demagnetizers ($3 up), splicers ($1.50-$8.00), and bulk tape erasers ($10 up). In a more expensive vein, one can treat the live-recording fan to microphone stands ($2 up), or mixers ($7 up), and microphones are available in the thirty- to thirty-five-dollar-range; while hardly studio quality, they are a substantial improvement over the microphones supplied with most home recorders. In about the same price range are quarter-track stereo conversion kits for older recorders, permitting them to play the new quarter-track stereo tapes. For the dedicated recordist who edits his tapes, there is even one gift within the price range of the smallest of children—a china-marking pencil (25¢) to mark his cutting points.

Virtually every hi-fi system has a record player at its center, and there are, therefore, just as many gadgets and devices in this area. The counters of most high fidelity and record dealers carry a myriad of small accessories in the $1 to $5 range, such as turntable levels, stylus pressure gauges, plastic record covers, turntable dust covers, and pads to isolate the record player from floor vibrations. Since cleanliness is an important factor in record life, there are on the market not only record covers to help keep records clean, but also a variety of dusting cloths, brushes, anti-static sprays, and mildly radioactive static eliminators to help get them clean. England's Cecil Watts has made a career out of improving and maintaining record surfaces, and his old-standby "Dust Bug" ($5-$10), and newly imported "Preener," are among the top record-cleaning devices.

Another aid to record preservation is the stylus timer ($5 up), which gives a cumulative record of the hours a stylus has been in use, allowing a regular schedule of stylus checks. Modern cartridges tracking at two grams or under need less frequent stylus checking, but their airy lightness makes it increasingly difficult to set them down accurately on their grooves, or pick them up again without sideswiping a groove or two. Tone-arm lifts are of great assistance here. Various of the more expensive arms (SME, $90 and $100) or integrated arm-cartridge combinations (Shure, $90 and $100; EMI, $100) have them built in, but this



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feature, at least, is available for only a few dollars for most arms in manual form and, at $50, in automatic, electronically powered form her Rek-O-Kut tone arms of recent vintage.

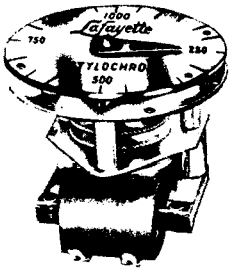
On a more elaborate scale, an inexpensive changer ($15 up) would be a good addition for the audiophile whose high-quality single-speed changer has relegated his old but still interesting 78 and 45 rpm records to a dusty closet shelf. For those not satisfied with the performance of their stereo cartridge on monaural discs, a monaural cartridge, preferably with an extra cartridge shell ($5-$10) for the recipient's tone arm, is a good suggestion. The boom in stereo hasn't quite swept these from the field, for G.E. continues its VRII series ($13-$25); Shure has even bucked the trend with its M5D ($27.50), one of the few new mono cartridges of the stereo era; while Fairchild has two monaural models ($37.50 and $42.50). Alternatively, for those who contemplate switching to stereo in the near future, a stereo cartridge or arm would be a good gift. One caution here: Before buying any transducer (cartridges, speakers, or microphones), try to find out what the receiver prefers. Even the best transducers may "color" the sound very slightly, and it's wisest to match the color to the future owner's ears and tastes.

FM allows the giver less scope, but there are several possibilities. Stereo multiplex reception demands a stronger signal, so a roof antenna ($7 on up—if the landlord permits), or a booster ($10-$65) for an existing antenna are possibilities. An antenna rotator ($18 up) can also improve reception for both FM & TV, clearing up "multipath distortion" on FM, and "ghosts" (the same thing, seen but not heard) on TV, and permitting the use of a more sensitive directional antenna. Or a two-set coupler ($3 up) may improve FM reception by hooking the tuner to an existing TV antenna. Many multiplex adapters for stereo reception are inexpensive, but before buying, check to make sure that the adapter you buy will match the tuner it will be used with, and that at least one FM station in your area has begun multiplexing already, or plans to in the near future.

Beyond these three specific areas, available gift items grow sparser, but interesting devices still abound. Remote controls are available for some tape recorders, tuners, and amplifiers, and both Royce and Stereosonics make universal remote controls, the Stereosonics unit being the more versatile (and, at $75, more expensive). Stereo balance meters (about $8 up) have their uses, too, and here again Stereosonics makes a more expensive ($29.50) and versatile unit which measures phase relationships as well.

Headphones ($13-$80) make another fine gift, and for those who already own headsets, the manufacturers have a host of accessories ($5-$40) ranging from simple junction boxes—with or without such refinements as volume controls, fuses, and speaker switches—to impedance-matching transformers and a commercialized version of the "Bauer" circuit (Jensen, $19.50 and $39.75) to restore true perspective to headphone listening. Koss includes an amplifier for stereophones only ($34.95) in its accessory range.

For the peripatetic listener, extension speakers, even the less expensive ones



Stylus timer by Lafayette.

($20 and up), can be a boon by carrying music into other rooms, and speaker selector switches ($2-$5) give full control of the music-distribution system.

There are dress-up accessories, too. Many manufacturers make optional wood or metal enclosures, stylish front panels, and other additions to improve the appearance of pre-amplifiers, amplifiers and tuners. For the system already enclosed in a cabinet, the Rotron "Whisper-Quiet" fan ($14.50) keeps components cool for longer life, while keeping quiet about it.

For the technically minded, a pair of matched output tubes (about $3-$5) for the power amplifier (your dealer can probably tell you which tubes are appropriate) will come as a pleasant surprise, and a cheap tube tester ($20 up) should prove as good as the drug-store variety, allowing simple tube-checking and maintenance in the home. The basic cornerstone of audio test equipment is the vacuum tube volt meter, and VTVM's start, in kit form, at about $26.

Presents for the audiophile need not be so parochial as the above, either. Concert or opera tickets will allow the hi-fi listener to refresh his ear, and remind himself of what he's really listening to in the first place—music. And for relaxed listening in the home, contributions can be made by a pipe, slippers, a soft comfortable chair, a footstool, even a sympathetic dog. After all, music and its enjoyment are what high fidelity is—or should be—aimed at.

A Speaker for Your Transistor

FOR thousands who own transistor radios, as well as others who may be pondering a purchase, some variations of usage may be noted that have provided considerably more service than is commonly associated with them. Primarily, of course, transistors are attractive for small size and lightness of weight—also economy of battery drain, with quality of sound as a third or fourth consideration. But the Matsushita Electric Corporation, which has been mentioned in these pages from time to time, has an external speaker available for home use which improves performance considerably.

Styled the Panasonic SPT 641, it consists of a 4 x 6-inch speaker housed in a plastic box measuring 9 x 5 x 4. Of itself, the speaker is substantially larger than the one contained in a cigarette-pack-size transistor, or even that usually provided with the ordinary size portable transistor. In addition, the lightweight case in which it is mounted serves as a resonator to improve the sound further. The manufacturer states that it will function with any transistor which has an earphone outlet. Simply plug in the cord from the SPT 641 and it is operative. What is more, it retails for only $4.95, and makes an ideal inexpensive gift for the transistor user.

When combined with such an AM-FM receiver as Matsushita's T-81 (retailing at $59.95) the Panasonic will provide quality of sound to equal some larger portables, or small consoles. For those who travel by air, the two elements are especially useful. The self-contained transistor can easily be slung from a carrying strap for use when en route, while the lightweight Panasonic packs easily and adds very little to baggage pounds. When recombined at journey's end, the combination functions as well as or better than much heavier units. This applies as well, of course, to transistors which operate on the short wave bands (provided they have the earphone outlet).

Finally, the AM-FM kind of unit noted above can also be used as a tuner in conjunction with a component unit, either mono or stereo. Matsushita's T-81 contains an outlet labeled "tuner" from which the connection can be made, as do the products of several other makers. At the price, however, it is outstanding. —I.K.

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The Poet as Reader

By JOHN CIARDI

IT IS always informative to hear a poet read his own poems, especially when one can follow the voice with text in hand, ear and eye joining in the reception of the poem. Not always, but in many cases, the poet's own voice confirms the quality of the rhythm, making clearer what the poems are about.

Unfortunately, few poets are distinguished readers. The measure of what writes a poem is largely in the inner ear, its rhythm imagined but unheard. Most poets, however, when reading their own poems, tend to read too reticently, or too dramatically, or in too sing song a way. Few of them seem able to capture with their voices their own best rhythms.

The most impressive of the present recordings, to my ear, is Theodore Roethke's reading of "Words for the Winds," released by Folkways (FL 9736, two sides, $5.95). Roethke is not a polished reader. At times, especially in the second side, I feel that his voice fails to register sufficiently the changing moods of the passages he reads from "Praise to the End"—a magnificent poem, its rhythms built powerfully upon the Elizabethan "rant" in part, and in part upon a musical structure in which the tone and pace of one passage counterpointed to the tone and pace of another. The poet's voice, however, remains a bit too constant for the best interpretation of that counterpoint. One feels that he may have run out of steam by that point in the reading.

Yet there is a grand intensity to parts of his reading. His tendency is to play down the speaking of the poem, but because rhythm is a passion within him, the rhythm often picks up the voice and carries it to real power, perhaps most notably in "I knew a woman, lovely in her bones." Folkways has included a complete text of the reading.

Folkways also offers an inferior release of two volumes of "Contemporary English Literature." Volume 1, "Poetry Read by the Poets" (FL 9888, two sides, $5.95), offering readings by Robert Graves, Elizabeth Jennings, Edith Sitwell, and C. Day Lewis. Volume 2, "Poetry and Prose read by the Authors" (FL 9889, two sides, $5.95), offers readings by Laurie Lee, Christopher Logue, and Professor C. Northcote Parkinson.

No texts are included with these readings. Add the British fondness for slurring words. Add the poor quality of the recording—the voices are partly blurred, the sounds of breathing are too prominent, the "t" and "d" sounds click, and the "b" and "p" sounds and most of the gutturals make a percussion as if someone had tapped the microphone. And add that most of the readers go from one poem to another without pausing to announce the titles. The total is confused and uninteresting listening. Professor Parkinson's spoof on "Some Negative Aspects of the Administrative" is pedantic rather than funny. Laurie Lee reads some good poems with a husky sort of adequacy. And Christopher Logue reads without my ever being sure of what he is reading. So ends one hour on the lower slopes of the audio-imagination's parnassus.

THE other hour seems more promising but fails to deliver. Partisans of Dame Edith Sitwell have heard her do better. Robert Graves, as even his partisans know, is a poor reader, his voice seeming to reject almost every temptation to go with the rhythm of his poems. C. Day Lewis reads well enough but manages to leave the reader with no sense that it is poetry that is being read. And I confess I did not have enough interest left to care much about what Elizabeth Jennings was doing.

I find little to say for or against Gryphon's release of "The Poems of John W. Clark (GR 901, two sides, $5.95). A text of the poems is included in the handsome presentation, but I find little to blame or praise in either the poems or their reading.

On the better side again, there are two new releases in the series of Library of Congress Readings (PL 27 and PL 28, two sides each, $5.95 each). These records are available only from the Recording Laboratory, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D.C. The present releases were prepared under the direction of Richard Eberhart during his tenure as Consultant in Poetry (1959-1961), and each side presents a single poet. Side 1 of PL 27 is a reading by the present reviewer, Side 2 a reading by W. D. Snodgras. Side 1 of PL 28 is a reading by Daniel G. Hoffman, and Side Two a reading by Ned O'Gorman. The readings are accompanied by complete texts of the poems, and the quality of the sound is uniformly excellent.

I am not particularly happy about my own reading, though I must bow to Eberhart for the sensitivity and coherence of the poems he selected from available tapes. I have by now made a number of recordings and I think I can detect some improvement in my reading, but as I listen with my inner ear's own sense of what rhythm was there to be spoken, I have to conclude that the voice is not more than halfway to the poem. The voice's weighing of the pauses and its evaluation of the pace and tone of one passage against another is not yet firm. Some day I shall get a tape recorder and school myself into saying it the way I think I hear it, but that will have to await some unforeseen stretch of free time.

ON the other side, Snodgrass strikes off in a breathless, startled, jerky voice as if surprised and confused to find a microphone stuck into his face, yet somehow triumphs. After the first surprise I begin to take to the voice. It seems confused, yet its confusions match the realities of the poems. This *is* the voice to which they were written. The poems, moreover, are good ones. I confess I should generally prefer to read the poems to myself silently than to have Snodgrass read them to me. Yet there is a right sort of confirmation in hearing him say them.

On Side One of PL 28, Daniel G. Hoffman reads his fine poems in a soft, pleasant voice and emerges as an engaging reader though not a powerful one. His inner ear is richer than his ability to voice its rhythms. He does not exactly throw away his rhythms, yet he tends in that direction, holding them down as if reluctant to give them free dramatic rein. A welcome reading and a happy addition to a good body of poems, but not yet the reading one might hope for.

On the other side Ned O'Gorman reads in a firmer, more resonant voice, excellently enunciated, yet without holding down the rhythm in his concern to get the words pronounced. Some of these poems mount to a fine wild rhythm of religious fervor, but time and again, having started a real rhythm rolling, O'Gorman's voice chops it off at the end, flattening it just when I hunger to hear it go for its climax. A good reading, just short of being a memorable one. I wish someone would get O'Gorman liquored up sometime and record him while he is wild and fumey. He has the voice that could make a great reader. But let me note my distress throughout at hearing the word "poem" pronounced "pome."

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St. Luke According to Whom?

BACH (?): *St. Luke Passion. Christiane Sorell, soprano, Maura Moreira, alto, Kurt Equiluz, tenor, Franz Wimmer, bass; the Akademie Kammerchor, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by George Barati. Lyrichord Stereo LLST 7110 $17.85.*

There are two indisputable points in favor of this release: the St. Luke Passion has long been a historical curiosity, and it has been recorded—for the first time, by the way—with gratifying clarity of sound. Unfortunately, however, the work is performed here with stylistic indifference, and, even worse, it is presented in a manner that may mislead the public.

Although both the anonymous album notes and cover credits cite Bach as the composer, relatively little evidence exists to support that attribution. In sound, this simple and overly repetitive Passion hardly suggests the grandeur and variety of the St. John or Matthew. And musicological detectives have unearthed more clues indicating that Bach did *not* write it than proof that he could have done so.

It is believed that Bach did indeed write a Saint Luke Passion, and, to be sure, there is a manuscript in the composer's hand of the work recorded. But the "real" St. Luke may well be lost along with a painfully generous portion of the Bach output, and it is well known that Bach frequently copied out (and performed) works of his contemporaries—even lesser ones.

The existing manuscript, whose water marks date the copy circa 1732, says nothing whatsoever about the Passion's authorship. The record annotator invokes Philipp Spitta, a Bach specialist of another day, in deducing that the work is authentic because the letters "J.J." ("Jesu, Juva") appear on the manuscript. It is true that Bach otherwise reserved this inscription for his own works, and not for those he copied. But such reasoning, by itself, hardly seems conclusive.

If the St. Luke *is* by Bach, it must be one of his earliest and least distinguished works. It is in the "old style," as the liner admits; it relies heavily on recitatives (forty-eight, to be exact) and traditional chorales (over thirty), keeping lyrical arias and set pieces to a minimum (eight).

One even doubts the supposition that this Passion came from Bach's Weimar period (ca. 1712) and was recopied by the composer at a later date. Musically, it is far less sophisticated than the cantatas written supposedly at the same general time, i.e. *Aus der Tiefe* and *Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis.* And if Bach had turned back to one of his early works in the 1730's, he would probably have changed and improved it as he copied. There are countless precedents for this.

It is unfortunate that Lyrichord relied so heavily on Spitta for documentation, because that author's views have not withstood the tests of time and subsequent scholarship very well. But at least Spitta is quoted accurately, which is more than can be said for Wolfgang Schmieder, the author of the definitive thematic catalogue of Bach's output.

According to the annotator, Schmieder "concludes that the St. Luke Passion is genuine." On page 246 of the Schmieder catalogue, however, one reads: "Echtheit des Werkes mit Recht stark angezweifelt"—"authenticity of the work strongly doubted, justifiably so."

There are more contradictions.

"Anyone familiar with the glowing style of melody which characterizes Bach's recitatives will at once recognize it in those of the St. Luke Passion," rhapsodizes Spitta (Volume II, page 511).

"The melodic style of the recitatives is at once recognizable as Bach's," echoes the liner.

And yet, to the less sensitive ears of this reviewer, the St. Luke recitatives sound, for the most part, like those of countless second-rate cantatas written in the early Baroque period.

When one also considers the unimaginative and undramatic harmonic scheme of the work, or its narrow range of expression and generally awkward construction, it is easier to side with other specialists. Albert Schweitzer, for instance, wrote: "To the practical musician it is a matter of pure indifference whether the St. Luke Passion is proved to be authentic or not, since he will hardly ever be tempted to perform it." Charles Sanford Terry dismissed the question after brief consideration, adding that the authenticity of St. Luke has been "rejected by every competent authority."

In a final (unsuccessful) attempt to convince someone of the recording's validity—regardless of the composer's identity—the liner states that the "fresh and remarkable score . . . encompasses consistent dramatic interest together with rich melodic variety." The claim is substantiated intermittently, but not consistently. The final tenor aria, "Lass mich Ihn nur einmal küssen," and the imitiative trio, "Weh und Schmerz in den Gebären," are extraordinary musical accomplishments. Most of this Passion setting, however, is irritatingly monochromatic and unworthy of its text.

The rigid, metronomic approach of conductor Barati does not help matters. His decision not to use a harpsichord even in the recitatives is also regrettable, as is the minimum of ornamentation employed. Kurt Equiluz, the best of the vocal quartet, copes adeptly with the high tessitura and flexible line of the Evangelist, but Franz Wimmer minimizes the advantages of a beautiful bass timbre with breathy tone and insecure support. Both the soprano and the alto are needlessly strident of sound and/or tentative.

All things considered, this St. Luke Passion adds up to a well-intentioned experiment that misfired.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

The Ageless Kreisler

Fritz Kreisler began his career at the top, though for a time a career as a violinist seemed improbable. His official debuts, after which no doubts of a sizeable career remained, were made in Berlin and Vienna under Nikisch and Richter. But between the time that young Fritz entered the Vienna Conservatory, at seven, the youngest student ever accepted, and the Berlin debut in 1896, there intervened years in which the young musician turned away to study medicine, served in the Austrian army, becoming an officer, and studied art in Rome and Paris.

It was not until 1896, when, at the age of 21, he had completed his military duty, that Kreisler again took the violin seriously. After exactly eight weeks of intensive work, he won the praise of Berliners and Viennese, and began the active playing career that lasted over half a century. Through all those years, Kreisler operated on a plane few musicians attain. His colleagues, who were inevitably his rivals, felt for him, and spoke of him with, a regard, an unreserved praise, a kind of affection rarely encountered in the world of musicians. This was clearly reflected in "The Kreisler Career" published in *SR* (February 24) after his death last January.

Fortunately for those who knew and held Kreisler's playing in special esteem, as well as for those who know him only from his recordings, Kreisler enjoyed his sessions in front of a microphone. Thus today he can be admired in fine-sounding records not only in his famous performances of the concertos of Brahms and Beethoven, but, as in the present set (Victor LM 6099 $9.98)

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Recordings in Review

Karajan on "Giselle"

ADAM: "Giselle." *Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* London 4TC LCL 80107, $7.95.

Could it be that we owe to the young ballet dancer whom he married a few years ago Karajan's interest in this fragrant but hardly symphonic score? If so, our thanks in advance. Utilizing, so it is said, "Adam's own orchestration" (it would be instructive to know what "orchestration" is used by others, but the notes of Mary Clarke do not specify) Karajan makes compulsive listening of his performance, provided you are not ballet-indoctrinated with different tempi and accents in more than a few places.

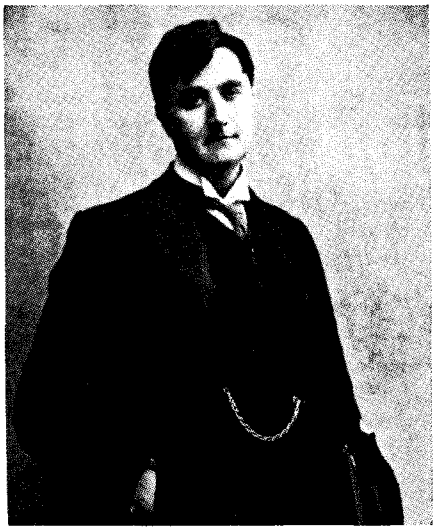
However, it is difficult to imagine how Karajan could have proceeded otherwise. Lacking the strong attachment to ballet possessed by some (Leon Barzin, Robert Irving, Yuri Faier, Anatole Fistoulari among others), Karajan could hardly recreate the accompaniment to an invisible performance without making it, at the same time, the accompaniment to a composite of other people's prima ballerinas. And lacking such a thread, or reason for being, the musical values of "Giselle" are only intermittently absorbing on their own.

Most of the first act fares well (though some of the accents in Giselle's entrance dance will surprise the ballet public). And Myrtha's music of act II is beautifully presented. However, the pace at which Karajan delivers the music for Giselle's madly whirling steps thereafter is so remote from human dancing capacity that it disserves the composer's intention. For those lacking such preoccupations the response of the Vienna Philharmonic to Karajan's demanding leadership and the great animation of that leadership will be self-sufficient. The tape provides each act (twenty-eight minutes and thirty seconds for the first, thirty-two minutes for the second) in an unbroken sequence. It is musically of high quality.

Lincoln Center's Dedication

BEETHOVEN: *"Gloria" ("Missa Solemnis").* COPLAND: *Connotations.* VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: "Serenade to Music." MAHLER: *"Veni, Creator Spiritu." Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Schola Cantorum, and vocal soloists.* Columbia L2S 1008, $11.

As a collector's item, this issue is



Vaughan Williams at twenty-five—"the aural composite is quite agreeable."

automatically assured of a place in the archives, by its mere existence. Whether it has any other utility will depend on whether you are interested in a memento of an occasion or performances of music. It serves the first function admirably, the second rather less well. Least of all does it answer the question: Just how did the hall sound at its first public use on September 23, 1962?

It is quite clear from the portions of the program which have something like normal tone production—in the quieter moments of the "Gloria," in the Vaughan Williams, and elsewhere where Bernstein was not driving the orchestra and chorus to excesses of volume—that the microphone heard something different from many of the listeners. Assuming that one commands a unit with the output to give back the choral portions at approximately full volume, there is a fair blend and good definition, with an amount of bass not heard by those sitting near the stage. In the Vaughan Williams, the aural composite is quite agreeable. But the orchestral strings are barely audible in the "Creator, Veni Spiritus" from Mahler's Eighth Symphony, perhaps because the pickup here must take in the vocal soloists as well as the orchestra and choir. And the sharp splatter of the applause is all too revealing of the flat surfaces (walls and overhead clouds) which are reflecting it.

The principal beneficiary of this reappraisal is Copland's "Connotations," which has decidedly more of a musical sound than it had at some locations in the hall. I find the work rather relentlessly grim for my taste, the interludes of contrast too brief and infrequent. And certainly its spareness of texture does not profit from the lack of resonance in these particular surroundings. For the performance, however, it may be said that it was enormously well prepared; there are no loose ends or undefined contexts in these "Connotations."

For those who might be wondering, Columbia assures us that no material change in the original sound has been electronically introduced in converting the three channels into two (for home use). An elaborate pictorial and verbal presentation of the circumstances is included in the folio that houses the records. Pictorially, Bernstein wins over Mrs. Kennedy—four pictures to two.

A New Dieskau-Moore "Mullerin"

SCHUBERT: *Die Schöne Müllerin. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel Stereo 3628 3S, $9.98, mono $7.98.

For all those who were disappointed by the inability of Fischer-Dieskau to fulfil his American tour, this newly issued set will bring pangs as well as pleasure. The pangs will be those of deprivation, for the authentic experience is not to be supplanted by any recording, however good: the pleasure is abundant in what, after all, is offered.

What is offered is nothing less than the finest performance of this cycle I know of. Included in this range are Fischer-Dieskau's own predecessor of 1955: the earlier Aksel Schiotz and the even earlier Gerhard Hüsch (now circulating as Electrola 80685). Each of the latter had its points of artistic excellence, but neither singer had a voice of such beauty as Fischer-Dieskau's. Schlusnus, who did, never recorded this cycle, to my knowledge.

What is more, no one but Fischer-Dieskau ever had the opportunity to record these songs twice before age forty. Given the life span that may be reasonably expected for him, F-D may record "Die Schöne Müllerin" once or even twice again before exhausting his vocal resources. However, I'm thoroughly agreeable to accepting his performance of 1962 as the ultimate of what may be expected from any one individual.

It combines, in remarkably even measure, a soaring projection of the vocal line with a precise and well-spoken articulation of the text that leaves no Schubertian value unserved. With Moore sketching in the background of nature, as the pianist must, in the deftest of colorations, Fischer-Dieskau can concentrate on serving the needs of Müller's little drama, which he does with deceptively artful ease. The beginning is a little strenuous ("Das Wandern"), but once into such

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dialogue songs as "Am Feirabend," "Der Neugierige," and "Morgengruss," the extent of Fischer-Dieskau's growth since his first recording is readily apparent. This embraces technique as well as temperament, for only a performer with a virtuoso breath control rarely associated with lieder singers could deliver his kind of "Ungeduld" and "Mein!" As for the depth of expression he pours into "Die liebe Farbe" (with its regretful refrain "mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern"), it is enough to make one hang on every revolution of the disk, begrudging its inevitable coming-to-an-end.

In totality this is an artistic accomplishment in a class of its own. I can even look with favor on the inclusion of the reading by F-D of Müller's rhymed-couplet Prologue and Epilogue, though they have no relation with the songs as set by Schubert. But, as the fourth record side is left blank, why not put the spoken tracks on this unused space where they can be played or not according to the listener's preference? As now situated, at the beginning and end of the cycle, they are hard to evade or avoid.

Hymns by Flagstad

LUTHER: *"A mighty fortress."* HEBER: *"Holy Holy Holy."* NEWMAN: *"Lead Kindly Light" and other hymns. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Sigvart Fotland, organ.* London 5638, $4.98.

Few things could more greatly delight her hosts of enthusiasts than a new recording by the late Kirsten Flagstad. This is not precisely that, for it was recorded in the summer of 1956 for the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation at four sessions in the Riskirke. But it is an altogether unfamiliar, worthwhile example of her voice at age 61, and a poignant memento at this time to the art which made her life memorable.

The music is simple, of course—quarter and half notes in the generally narrow compass traditional in such writing, for purposes of congregational singing. But how firm the support, how rich the sound! Suffusing all is the sincerity of purpose, the simplicity of manner which characterized all the work known in her public career here, whether a song by Grieg or the "Götterdämmerung" Brünnhilde. In addition to the familiar hymns identified by their English titles above, the collection includes eleven others, of German, Danish, and Norwegian origin. All are sung in Norwegian translations. The recording is clearly of the studio sort prepared for broadcasting use, but clean enough and clear.

A Second View of Ward's "Crucible"

FOR those who may have missed Robert Ward's treatment of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" when it was given at the New York City Center a year ago, the news from the just-issued recording is not that it is "as good as" it seemed a year ago: it is even better. For this service to the cause of American opera there should be a profound obeisance to Composers Recordings Inc., acting in the default, apparently, of interest from any commercial source (CRI 158 $5.95 stereo, $5.95 mono).

What emerges from the sound alone is the overpowering conviction of Ward in the importance of his subject (as adapted by Bernard Stambler) and his success in converting that conviction into musical meaning. Some of this was evident from the dress rehearsal and first performance in October, 1961; but the additional work that preceded the recording enabled both cast and conductors to do fuller justice to Ward's work.

Whether as a consequence of this conviction or not, Ward's idiom flows naturally from his subject, with no servile dependence on the systems or symbols currently regarded as fashionable. He has found in the hymns and psalmody of the Salem witch-burning era (the play is dated 1692) a sufficient spur to his own native musicality to evolve a song speech that rises to eloquence at many climactic moments. In thus putting himself squarely on the side of intelligibility, Ward may risk the favor of the avant-garde but he is certain to earn the suffrage of his audience.

I am not yet persuaded that the first act (which Miller's script calls "An Overture") is as well shaped for operatic purposes as it might be. The number of characters it introduces creates a confusion of purpose. But the act gains momentum as it progresses, with the rugged hymn-like "Jesus, my consolation" evolved into a choral climax of ringing power. Each of the succeeding three acts ranges through an atmosphere of its own (lyric, impassioned, enamored, defiant) which sustains interest much more than is the case with many contemporary stage works. Give credit to Ward's impulse for much of this: but don't discount the craftsmanship which makes it meaningful.

Most of the time, too, Ward has preserved a well-calculated relationship between voices and orchestra, with each performing a separate but related function in the conflicts of character and the cross-purposes of belief which make up the testing fire of "The Crucible." Sometimes musical design takes precedence over textual clarity, as Ward is inclined to build a melodic sequence which fits the words the first time, but not the second. Thus a word like "make" in the first arioso of Parris is tortured into a three-note pattern because the first statement of the line brought the pattern together with the word "miserly." The intent is all to the good: but the end could be better achieved by changing the word.

With slight variations, the cast is the one which served "The Crucible" so well at its introduction. In the crucial role of John Proctor, Chester Ludgin has achieved a characterization so powerful that it makes its effect even in the absence of his striking appearance. Frances Bible is excellent in the role of his falsely accused wife, as are Patricia Brooks as the accusing Abigail Williams, Eunice Albert as Rebecca Nurse, and Maurice Stern as Giles Corey. I miss Norman Treigle as the Reverend John Hale, but his alternate John Macurdy is good enough to earn a Metropolitan debut this month.

Ward's strongest ally in establishing the quality of "The Crucible" is conductor Emerson Buckley. He has all the values of the work in his hand, and will not settle for less than their whole realization. This is no small undertaking, for "The Crucible" is alternately an ensemble opera, a dialogue between soloists, and a commentary of symphonic complexity by the orchestra. This requires not only intellectual command, but the physical drive to make a fusion of them. But whatever it takes, Buckley has it in abundant measure.

The recording is big and spacious, but the placement of the performers relative to the microphones is less satisfactory than it might be. When the full power in the grooves is released, everybody can be heard, but the full power is more than most persons will care for in a living room.

But the important thing is that Ward's work can now be appraised by anyone, anywhere, and that can only be to his advantage and the advantage of opera generally. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suites Nos. 2 and 3. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6243, $5.98.	The good feeling of Ansermet for a wide variety of music doesn't penetrate, in my view, to th essence of the works he is dealing with here. The tone of the orchestra, even in the sustained "Air" of suite No. 3, is rather light and insubstantial for the common conception of how this music should sound. In the faster movements of both suites he is inclined to over-animated tempi, with the result that the contrapuntal detail is obscured, the balance of elements disturbed. André Pépin is an able enough flutist in the B minor second suite, but the work as a whole lacks character in this treatment. Each side is completed by a cantata excerpt: side one by the Sonata of No. 31, the other by the sinfonia of No. 12, in which Roger Reversy is oboe soloist.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4 in G, "Scherzo Capriccioso." Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35847, $5.98.	Giulini's Dvorak is a composer of leaner timbre and lighter texture than he is represented to be by some other conductors. Which is another way of saying that Giulini is less disposed to the vibrato that produces the warmer sound of others. The values of his treatment justify themselves most in the finale, whose variations are defined with fine clarity and a gratifying perception of their contrasting character. For the work as a whole, however, preference still inclines to Walter or Szell. Giulini's spirited leadership of the "Scherzo Capriccioso" has its counterpart in the zestful playing of the orchestra, whose solo instruments (horns especially) out-perform most others who venture this work.
Fux: "Constanza e Fortezza"; Corelli: Christmas Concerto; Lully: "The King's Musicians;" Purcell: "The Gordian Knot Untied." Prague Chamber Orchestra (without conductor). Artia ALP (S) 194, $5.98.	Universally known as the writer of a text on counterpoint, Johann Josef Fux also wrote some music of quality as these stately excerpts from an opera of 1723 ("Constancy and Fortitude" is the English version of its title) declare. The outside allegros are separated by a menuetto, sarabande, and gavotte, all of interest. As in the other works of the disk, the common view of the music arrived at by the "uninstructed" performers may lack the final impulse of superior leadership, but it evades some kinds of self-promotion practised by inferior leadership. Both the Purcell and Lully fare well: but the introspective character of the Corelli (especially the pastorale depicting the Nativity) merits a more reflective treatment than it receives here. The solo violin is also better accounted for in other issues. The recording is bright, a little coarse in sound, well balanced.
Handel-Stokowski: "Water Music" and "Royal Fire Works" excerpts. Leopold Stokowski conducting. RCA LM/LSC 2612, $4.98/$5.98. 4TC FTC 2117, $8.95.	By the time Stokowski and the engineers have finished composing their sound track from the twenty-four oboes, twelve bassoons, extra strings and multiple percussion assembled in the 125 piece ensemble, the fireworks at the end are something of an anti-climax. Anyway, it would have been more fitting, musically, to use not actual pinwheels and rockets but the sound of Stravinsky's "Feux d'Artifice" superimposed on Handel. In some of the dance movements ("Bourrée" and "La réjouissance") Stokowski disciplines the playing to a lightness quite engaging, but the all out sound of the full band is bigger than life-size Handel. The eight sections of the "Water Music" are performed not in the usual arrangement of the late Sir Hamilton Harty but in a version by Stokowski which is even heartier. For some reason unknown to me, the musical quality of the disk is superior to the tape's.
Herold-Lanchberry: "La Fille mal Gardée." John Lanchberry conducting the Covent Garden Orchestra. London CS 6265, $5.98.	Stripped of the Frederick Ashton action and the Osbert Lancaster decor the musical value of Lanchberry's well-crafted score is revealed as something less than absorbing. It has its moments, not only in the matter derived from Herold, but in the borrowings from Rossini and Donizetti ("L'Elisir d'Amore" in particular) but much of the time between is spent on rather paltry stuff. There is nothing but good to be said of Lanchberry's conducting, the playing of the orchestra, or the reproduction of both.
Hindemith: Concerto for Violin. Ivry Gitlis, violin, with the Westphalian Symphony conducted by Hubert Reichert. Concerto for viola. Gunther Breitenbach, viola, with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Herbert Haefner. VOX PL 11980, $4.98.	Neither work in this pairing of new and old issues is what could be reasonably called agreeable listening, though the viola has more built-in disposition to being hard to handle than the violin. Moreover, Hindemith's treatment of it in "Der Schwanendreher" is often against the grain of its somewhat coarse tone. In the violin concerto (a new issue), the higher instrumental range and greater variety of color thus provided gives back more to Hindemith's investment of craftsmanship. But only those with a determined interest in concerto composition of the last few decades are likely to find them greatly rewarding. Both performances are energetic and artistically faithful.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 17 (in G,K.453) and 21 in (C, K.467). Geza Anda, pianist and conductor, with the Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18783, $5.98.	There are all sorts of virtues in these performances—fine balance of tonal values between piano and the chamber orchestra, a finely thoughtful analysis of the music's needs, and a generally excellent realization of their technical requirements. Withal, the interpretations are a little overshadowed by caution, lacking the spontaneity that characterizes the best kind of Mozart. It is a temptation to attribute this to the double function served by Anda (he has more freedom to poetize in the solo passages and particularly in the slow movements). Authorship of the cadenza for K.453 is not ascribed: Anda provides his own rather overchromatic ones for the C major. The recorded sound of piano and orchestra is bright, finely detailed, and resonant.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 21 (in C,K.467) and 23 (in A, K.488). Artur Rubinstein, piano, with orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. RCA Victor LM/LSC, $4.98/$5.98.	It is good to have a new Rubinstein version of the delightful No. 23, especially for those who recall when his racy performance with Barbirolli was a unique phonographic port-of-entry to those delights. This one may be a shade less vivacious, but delightful none the less. As for No. 21, which he has not performed, on or off records, before (according to his closest publicity source) he plays the divine slow movement with every inflection of its eloquent line seconded by Wallenstein. Nor should it be overlooked that the cadenzas are his own: eminently pianistic, reasonably brief and to the musical point. The excellently balanced recording uses the dual channels for spread rather than "separation," and well.
Respighi: Suite No. 3 (Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute); Mozart: "Eine kleine Nachtmusik;" Vaughan Williams: Fantasia on "Greensleeves;" Pergolesi: Concertino in G. Sibelius: Valse triste. Barber: Adagio. Solisti di Zagreb conducted by Antonio Janigro with Julius Baker, flute, and Hubert Jelinek, harp. Vanguard VSD 2126, $5.95.	This is a record designed to give pleasure, and it succeeds admirably in that endeavor. The material is all compatible with nothing fighting what has preceded, in a succession of styles which, varied though they are, nevertheless have connecting tie in the medium utilized. All the performances are excellent with the possible exception of 'Valse triste", which gets somewhat heavy in its middle phase. This may square, in Janigro's mind, with the implications of the title, but it tends to overweight the content. Clear, beautifully defined recording, especially in the sometimes slighted viola-high cello range.
Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C. Franz Konwitschny conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Parliament PLP (S) 173, $2.98.	For those who rate conductors "In" or "Out" in respect to their competence as directors of this work, the late Konwitschny must be considered at least half "In" (though others may say that would leave him "half Out"). He belonged to the group which sees this work in dramatic light, and he makes a large scale, expansive thing of it. Rather gritty sound.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Eighteenth-Century Bohemians

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

UNDER the title "Mannheimers from Bohemia," I reviewed in these pages on March 25, 1961, six twelve-inch Supraphon records issued here by Artia in very handsome packages as "Musica Antiqua Bohemica." Now we have four ten-inch records from the same series, like the earlier ones presented in handsome folders, each of which has three plates in full color and two pockets—one for a single record, one for a lengthy illustrated historico-analytical essay on composer and music. Bearing what appear to be series numbers (9, 10, 11, 12) and, respectively, Supraphon numbers F 29030, F 29031, F 29077, and F 29076 ($5.98 each), they are each devoted to a single composer. The monaural recording has sufficient fidelity and acoustical presence.

Like the earlier entries in this series, these four records bring us an unusual opportunity to hear clearly sounds from peripheral world of music which has been all but forgotten outside Czechoslovakia and the larger musical encyclopedias. Jan Ladislav Dusík (Johann Ladislaus or Ludwig Dussek or Dusek, 1760-1812) is represented (Sup F 29030) by an A flat major piano sonata, Opus 70, called "La Retour à Paris," played by Otakar Vondrovic. The music is what might be expected from a gifted, brightly attentive, highly traveled pupil of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. Václav Jan Sykora says in his excellent notes that Dusík was "an avant garde composer in the true sense of the word." Seen from behind, this assessment describes a composer lost between a musical world that was dying and one that was coming to birth. His sonata, that is, remains stylistically uncertain. But Mr. Vondrovic makes of it everything that it possibly could become.

Leopold Antonìn Kozeluch (1747-1818), a nephew of the Johann Anton Kozeluch whose C major Concerto for Bassoon and Orchestra stood out from the miscellany of pieces in the earlier "Musica Antiqua Bohemica" series, occupies Sup F 29031 with two piano sonatas and one movement of another, played by Dana Setková. They are full of charming and even promising musical beginnings. That Kozeluch should have suffered complete diminution in Beethoven's giant shadow clearly was owing to his inability to explore and expand these introductory ideas. Nor is Dana Setková, on this recording at least, a pianist of the order of Otakar Vondrovic.

The only dull and unrewarding composition here is on Sup F 29077: a Quintet for Wind Instruments by Antonín Rejcha (that is, Anton Reicha, 1770-1836), a friend of Haydn, Antonio Salieri, and Beethoven. The Rejcha Quartet tootles it out fairly enough. Over it all, however, stretches the pall of indecisiveness which blurred so much minor music at the turn of the nineteenth century. It simply fails of any effect, pleasant or unpleasant. The album-note writer, who puffs hard to inflate Reicha beyond natural proportions, is Milos Safránek, who lived in the United States at one time, (While here, he wrote a book on Bohuslav Martinu). How far Mr. Safránek since has been made tendentious by the Communist esthetic is curiously demonstrated by his ability to find in Reicha's colorless, bland musical knitting all sorts of indicative and almost world-shaking qualities that quite plainly are not there.

Last, and by far most interesting, is Sup F 29076, seven short piano pieces by Václav Jan Tomásek (Johann Wenzel Tomaschek, 1774-1850) as played superbly by Josef Hála. In the doldrums of so much bland though not actively unattractive music-making, here suddenly is a clear personality with an unmistakably fresh and pungent voice. Appropriately enough, the most famous of Tomaschek's pupils was not a composer, but the formidable critic Eduard Hanslick. In these rhapsodies, eclogues, dithyramb and allegro, Tomaschek is heard rough-hewn, disdaining etiquette and courtly polish to say something definite and at times startling. Among the other pieces on these four records, Tomaschek's fall like frank speech on a dissembling world. What else, they make us want to ask, lies unheard in those Bohemian archives? Tomaschek at last makes us curious, eager for more.

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Stereo OS 25280 Mono 5644

LONDON ® RECORDS

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Air with thirty variations (Goldberg). Zuzana Ruzickova, harpsichord. Supraphon SUA 10192, $5.98	No information whatsoever about the performer is provided with this issue, though the cover photo suggests a performer in her 'thirties. She is fully in command of the instrument she plays, a harpsichord characterized by a bright, rather penetrating sound. Her view of the "Goldberg" tends to the horizontal projection of a lyric line, which is to say that her stress inclines to melodic conformations rather than to exploitation of contrapuntal relationships. Miss Ruzickova can be commended for thoroughgoing technical facility, a comprehensive insight into the work she is performing, and a musicianship both vigorous and well-informed. The reproduction tends to pick up mechanical noise now and then, but it has good resonance.
Brahms: Quintet in B minor. Jost Michaels, clarinet, with the Endres Quartet. Vox STDL 500-560, $4.98	This disk is remarkable as much for the excellent individuals' abilities of the players as for the success with which they are combined into an ensemble of fine sound. There are no rough edges in the blend of clarinet and strings, no sudden emergences of one voice over another, but a steady stream of beautifully balanced sound in which all the elements have the place due them. If there is a reservation it would have to do with a less than rhapsodic response to some opportunities Brahms provided for individualized poetry. However it would be unfair to downgrade the very real superiorities of the performance on that account, its admirable attributes of musicianship and artistry. The reproduction is intimately related to the character of the music.
Brahms: Sonatas Nos. 2 and 3. Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA LM/LSC 2619, $4.98/$5.98. Brahms: Sonata No. 1, and Beethoven: Sonata No. 8. The same, RCA Victor LM/LSC 2620, $4.98/$5.98	Rubinstein sets an inflexible standard of excellence to which Szeryng's understandably less settled talents conform best in the Beethoven C minor (op. 30, No. 3). Here he performs with zest and confidence, in a manner better to justify the high opinion of him held in some quarters than in any other performance known to me. But in the three Brahms, one's attention is constantly being magnetized away from what he is doing, by the irresistible force of Rubinstein. This is not because he exceeds his prerogatives at the piano, but simply because they are utilized in such a superior way that only a violinist of great distinction could perform at parity with him. This Szeryng, for all his fine command of the instrument and cultivated musicality, is not (yet).
Carter: Sonata. Charles Rosen, pianist. "Pocahontas" (suite from the ballet). Jacques Monod conducting the Zurich Radio Orchestra. Epic stereo BC 1250, $5.98 Mono LC 3850, $4.98	The repute of Elliott Carter in the hierarchy of American composers makes any new issue of music by him a spur to the attention, if only to seek reasons to justify that repute. In this instance, there is more in the sonata of 1946 than in the pre-war "Pocahontas" matter, which is conventional and undistinguished. The sonata is less conventional, but distinguished, so far as I can hear, by a ceaseless play of sonority which lacks a central focus of meaning. In his written commentary, Rosen labels it "a new departure in piano writing that has few analogies in the literature of the past." These mainly have to do with the use of overtones, by means of pedaling. This is all very well, but a technique of writing is not a musical end in itself. Rosen's performance is admirable for its incisiveness and energy, and the reproduction serves its function well in each case.
Dvorak: Quintet in G (op. 18). The Dvorak Quartet and Fratisek Posta, double bass. Supraphon SUA 10186. $5.98	This is a beautiful work whose performance makes its point despite a quality of recording which is not in conformity with current expectations. However that leaves a reasonable latitude of quality to accommodate most of the needs of the ensemble, an energetic group of mostly youthful players who have both the instrumental command and the stylistic understanding to do it justice. Originally published as opus 77, though it was written when he was thirty-four, the designation is in closer conformity with its strongly Schubertian spirit. Dvorak asserts an individuality of his own even so, especially in the slow movement and finale. The performance has the geniality and warmth the work merits.
Moussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Balakirev: "Islamey." Gary Graffman, piano. Columbia Stereo MS 6391, $5.98	In this venture into the Richter-Horowitz repertory Graffman, is well-armed for what might be called "hot pursuit" if not for hand-to-hand combat. That is to say, he possesses the muscles and the fingers to create a storm of sound or a whisp of tone, with fine precision and ample dynamic variety. However this does not guarantee the contrast of mood or the command of coloristic detail which will bring to life the imagery expressed in "The Old Castle," "Bydlo," or "Ballet of the Unhatched Chickens." There is nothing at fault with Grafman's ability to articulate his idea, but I do not find these ideas as interesting, vis-a-vis Moussorgsky, as they might be. The "Islamey" moves swiftly, but rather in a monotone. Excellent piano sound.
Rameau: "Pieces in D", "Pieces in A." Albert Fuller, harpsichord. Cambridge CRS 1601, $5.98	It takes a bit of adjustment to attune the aural faculties to Fuller's instrument (a creation of William Dowd of Boston), which has more of a "stringy" sound than the average contemporary harpsichord. However the effort is justified by the interest of the material and the quality of Fuller's service to it. He makes a convincing case for his treatment of the ornaments and the "notes inégales" (successive short-long or long-short, though, as printed, they have equal values) not only in theory but also in the demonstrated practise of the performances. My preference in both suites (1724 and 1730, respectively) is for the slower movements in dance measure—allemande, courante, gavotte, etc—rather than for the faster. This relates in part to the charm of Rameau's melodic ideas, but as much to the confusion of sound that sometimes sets in during rapid passages. The reproduction is admirably suited to the material and its projection from the instrument.
Ravel: "Introduction and Allegro." Debussy: Sonata for Flute, viola and harp. Roussel: "Serenade," and Ropartz: "Prelude, Marine and Chansons." L'Oiseau Lyre. SOL 60048, $5.98	Only Osian Ellis, solo harpist in the Ravel, is identified by name among the players herein involved, but they are all of exemplary abilities, equal to the opportunities as well as the challenges of this repertory. By and large, the Ravel is the best as well as the best known of them, but there is absorbing interest in the Debussy "sonata" (it is really a trio in everything but name) when it is as well played as it is here, and the Roussel is a highly agreeable specimen of the same genre. Though not on so consistently high a level, the Ropartz is not outclassed by the company in which it is placed. The recording is qualified to do justice both to the material and its performances.
Schumann: "Dichterliebe," "Mein Wagen rollet langsam," "Lehn' deine Wang" "Mit Myrthen und Rosen," and "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden." Eberhard Wächter, baritone, with Alfred Brendel. London OS 25330, $5.98	Wächter begins this challenging task as if it were going to be his best effort to date, but it soon becomes evident that he is insufficient as a vocal technician to sustain a quality standard for ar length of time. His production lacks focus, and the good quality he can manage in the lowe dynamic range deserts him in a forte or above. To his credit are a strong sense of dramatic values. He makes a proper contrast between "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' " and "Ich grolle nicht," but the intense delivery of the latter, likewise "Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen" leads to sound which is more like a bray than a tone. Outstanding in the cycle and the four additional songs is the piano playing of Alfred Brendel, which is richer in sound than the average of accompanists' and beautifully controlled. —I.K.

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Ageless Kreisler

Continued from page 53

in concert with such other greats as Rachmaninoff, Zimbalist, McCormack, and Farrar, as well as in duos with his brother, Hugo, who was at one time a first-desk cellist with the Vienna Philharmonic.

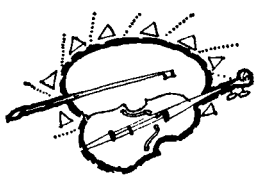
The Kreisler-Rachmaninoff pairing gives us an account of the C Minor Sonata by Grieg that stands unrivalled. Much of Kreisler's genius is contained in the magical effect with which he opens up the second subject of the first movement. Here is the lustrous tone and phrasing that were at once singularly sweet yet wholly masculine. The ensemble this pair achieved is audible in the way each matches the other in handling turns and trills, until it seems as if a single mind were in control.

The Beethoven Sonata in G, No. 3, is fully as aristocratic in manner, with a vitality in the menuet that shows how fully the complimentary musicians understand Beethoven's use of rhythm at this point. In the Schubert Sonata in A, or Duo, Opus 162, Kreisler has momentary technical problems, but they do not erase the melting effect of his phrasing. Indeed, in this work we constantly remember how many singers Kreisler knew and admired, and how closely he studied their art.

The special novelty of this set is the first long-playing issue of what may be the first recording ever made of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins. Kreisler and Zimbalist made it in 1915, with string quartet providing sufficient "orchestral" background. The manner in which the two great artists match tone and technique is a tribute to their understanding of Bach at a time when he was rarely played, as well as of their mutual regard. The sound is very good and wholly characteristic of each man.

Kreisler loved playing "second fiddle" (obbligato) to his friends Geraldine Farrar, as in "Mighty Lak a Rose," and "Connais-tu le pays?", and to John McCormack in Rachmaninoff songs. Two of these, "When Night Descends," and "O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair," are in this set, plus the Lullaby from "Jocelyn." The happy accidents that led to three of these pairings, including an anecdote involving tennis champion Bill Tilden, are included in Irving Kolodin's illuminating notes, to which Kreisler's long-time road manager Charles Foley, adds a preface.

—PAUL HUME.



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.....LPEM 19 272 Stereo SLPEM 136 272

VERDI: DON CARLOS – HIGHLIGHTS. Antonietta Stella, Fiorenza Cossotto, Boris Christoff, Flaviano Labo, others; La Scala Chorus & Orchestra cond. Gabriele Santini, with leaflet of texts.
.....LPEM 19 274 Stereo SLPEM 136 274

ANTONIETTA STELLA: OPERA ARIAS. Arias from "Norma," "Turandot," others. Chorus & Orchestra of Florence May Festival cond. Bruno Bartoletti, with leaflet of Italian-English texts.
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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"Joan Baez in Concert". "Georgie," "Kumbaya," "Copper Kettle," "Black is the Color," "Gospel Ship," "The House Carpenter," "Pretty Boy Floyd," "Lady Mary," 4 others. Vanguard VRS 9112, $4.98.	Joan Baez's third full-length record recital fully measures up to, and in some ways exceeds, the promise of her earlier discs. She has yet to venture more than tentatively into the light-hearted or humorous type of song, and she has not lost her predilection for longish ballads (three songs on the second side take upwards of four, five and seven minutes respectively), but this is comment, not criticism. Quite obviously, a remarkable artist, with the voice, the depth and the communicative magic to hold her audiences enthralled, whatever she undertakes to sing.
"Travis on Cue": Travis Edmundson. "Talkin' Blues," "Malaguena Salerosa," "Cotton Eyed Joe," "Michaela," "Joey, Joey," "The Breeze and I," "High Hill Country," "East Virginia Blues," 4 others. Horizon WP 1606, $4.98.	Travis Edmundson, best known, perhaps, as half of the recently revived team of Bud and Travis, brings to his solo balladry a mellowness of tone, flexibility of style, and a warm feeling of intimacy. Whether these attributes are as appropriate to the folk singer as to the popular singer is, of course, something for each listener to decide. There is, though, an inherent honesty, an engaging spontaneity to Travis' singing, no matter what category you may choose to place it in, and the results here are correspondingly appealing. The program, as indicated at the left, comprises some genuine folk tunes, a few doubtful (if very beautiful) ones, and a couple of rank outsiders from the pens of Frank Loesser and Ernesto Lecuona, but Travis integrates them into a unified and ingratiating recital.
"Jackie Washington". "Dirty Old Town," "El Jinete," "Black Flies," "Nottamun Town," "Watch the Stars," "Esta Navidad," "Moonshiner," "Girl I Left Behind," "Ballad of the Carpenter," 5 others. Vanguard VRS 9110, $4.98.	An alumnus of the flourishing Boston Coffee-House School of folksingers (whose proudest product is Joan Baez), Jackie Washington is another genuinely talented young performer with a persuasive and highly personal style. Essaying a wide variety of balladic material, Washington achieves a quiet but impressive intensity; within the limitations imposed by his light, essentially gentle voice, he infuses his material with graceful fluidity and a rewarding warmth. The two songs in Spanish and a brace of modern ballads by Ewan MacColl are especially successful. A word in praise of Washington's fine guitar playing is also in order.
"A Sailor's Garland": Ewan MacColl and A. L. Lloyd. "The Sailor's Alphabet," "Bold Riley O," "Haul Away for Rosie," "Nancy of Yarmouth," "Sally Brown," "Hilo Somebody," "The Dolphin," "Little Sally Racket," 10 others. Prestige International 13043, $4.98.	Listeners conditioned to the urban polish of most professional folksingers will doubtless find these performances deadly drab—austere in harmonies, unvarying in rhythmic motion within a given number, and lacking in dramatic sparkle. On the other hand, devotees of sea shanties packed in the original brine, could ask for no more faithful representation of the musical life aboard the clipper ships than that proferred by the Messrs. MacColl and Lloyd, with the assistance of an unidentified two-man chorus. The language is salty, the songs are laden with the heavy cadence of men at work, and the atmosphere fairly drips with authenticity. All of which means that the disc is a find for the *aficionado,* if pretty much of a loss for the layman.
"Latin American Festival": Los Guayaki, Jorge Saldano and other soloists. "Marieta," "La Cucaracha," "Abaluaie," "Subo Subo," "Flor de Santa Cruz," "Palmeras," "La Batelera," "Canto al Paraguay," 9 others. Monitor MF 390, $4.98.	This is surely one of the most attractive collections of Latin Americana on the market today, and probably the most varied. Beginning with a lilting Mexican *corrido,* the tour heads south, stopping for a Macumba chant of Brazil, a Peruvian Indian lament, a brace of carnival tunes from Bolivia, some lively (if less interesting) dances from Paraguay, a Chilean *cueca,* and a dramatic *Baguala* from the mountains of Argentina. The performances throughout are colorful and, we may assume, authentic, with members of the versatile troupe known as "Los Guayaki" alternating with such soloists as Alice Ribeiro of Brazil and the Argentinian duo of Leda and Maria. Extensive notes by Pru Devon complement a distinctive album.
"Yugoslavia: Kosmet": Various artists. "Carnations," "Seven Nightingales," "Open Your Heart," "On The Battlefield," "My Manusha," "Frost in the Garden," 10 others. Monitor MF 386, $4.98.	These albums are both Yugoslavian in origin, but their overall flavor, and the musical styles they represent could hardly be in sharper contrast. The songs from the autonomous region of Kosmet (which is also known as Kosovo-Metohija, if that helps any) are strongly Middle-Eastern in impact, with the typical twists and quavers in the vocal line, and the insistent, percussive beat of the accompaniments. The solo voices, however, are generally pleasant, without the piercing, edgy quality often associated with Turkish or Arabic performers.
"Yugoslavia: Slovenia": The Avensik Quintet and soloists. "Where The Cucumbers Blossom," "My Father Has Two Horses," "On the Bridge," "Mary," "Net of Dreams," "The Bell is Heard," 6 others. Monitor MF 387, $4.98.	The Slovenian songs, on the other hand, could easily pass for Tyrolese waltzes and polkas. The jolly (if predictable) melodies, the uncomplicated rhythms, even the oom-pah-pah accompaniments of the little instrumental combos, all contribute to this feeling. The language, of course, has the softer ring of the Slavs, but the music speaks with the lilt of an Alpine village festival. It's all very popular sounding—far more reminiscent, say, of Saturday night at the Brauhaus than the wheat fields at harvest time—but no matter!
"Folk Songs of Russia, Volume 4": Siberian Folk Chorus, Nina Postavnicheva, other soloists. "Down Along Mother Volga," "The Little Bell," "My Darling," "The Linnet," 9 others. Monitor MF 385, $4.98.	A typically diversified and entertaining assortment of Slavic song, this is an album boasting few surprises, but many delights. The titles are new, but the old, familiar sounds of soulful Russian ballads, the full-throated choral numbers, the tangy peasant tunes—all these are here in gay and comforting abundance. Performer honors are shared by twelve eminent soloists and ensembles (including the Soviet Army and Piatnitsky Choruses, tenor Ivan Kozlovsky and basso Ivan Skobtsov), but if you'd care to make it a baker's dozen, Monitor has thoughtfully provided a sing-along text in both the original Russian and an English transliteration.
"Barry and Barry, Here and Now!": Barry McGuire and Barry Kane. "Another Man," "Summer's Over," "Gold Wedding Ring," "Fireball Mail," "Land of Oden," "Neptune," "The First Time," "If I Had a Hammer," 4 others. Horizon WP 1608, $4.98.	Considering the amount of excitement churned up by these two personable young men, one could almost get the impression that the Kingston Trio is overstaffed. Barry McGuire and Barry Kane need defer to no group in terms of volume of sound, and with the exception of some very slow, very touching-type ballads for variety, they blaze through a pseudo-folk program with verve and gusto. Withal, there is one element lacking in the blend: the final spark of individuality to make the Barrys sound like something more than a highly virtuostic amalgam of a dozen other folk-pop ensembles.
"Mark Twain's '1601', Read by Richard Dyer-Bennet, with Songs in the Same Free Spirit". "Old Joe Clark," "The Old She-Crab," "The Tailor's Boy," "The Eer-i-e Canal," "There Was a Friar in Our Town," "The Gatherin' o' the Clan." Dyer-Bennet Records DYB 1601, $4.98.	Richard Dyer-Bennett, of the white tie and gentle voice and refined spirit, seems to have turned over a new musical leaf, and with a vengeance. Gone are the daintiness, the scholarly approach which mark many of his other recordings; here the minstrel rips through "original versions" and sundry other immodest melodies as though he were having the time of his life. Which, of course, he probably was. Mr. Dyer-Bennet also proves himself an adept and thoroughly convincing reader, with a straight-faced recitation of Mark Twain's "1601". A note on the album cover helpfully discloses the fact that this "is not for children" or even "the easily shocked adult". I can only add that this, for once, is a warning to be taken literally. Dyer-Bennet and Company have pulled no prurient punches. —Robert Sherman.

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And a "Mele Kalikimaka" to You, Too

THOUGH the vogue of bossa nova came about too late this year for a full treatment of carols, etc., for the Christmas trade (such records are traditionally made during the hottest part of July or August), virtually every other taste can be satisfied in the latest additions to the annual production. This includes the personal, the geographical, and even the musical.

The personal, of course, is the Christmas product that enables you to spend your Christmas "with" a favorite performer, no matter whether it's Perry Como or Mitch Miller, Burl Ives or Dinah Shore, Bobby Vee or even the Chipmunks. Each has one or more disks enabling a fan to commune with his idol under or near the mistletoe. Indeed, Bing Crosby—who may very well have been the first to become institutionalized in this way—has a fourth now available for those who may have worn out the prior three.

Titled "I Wish You a Merry Christmas," it provides a mixture of the devotional and the sentimental from "O Holy Night" to "The Littlest Angel," with a leavening of "Winter Wonderland" and "Frosty the Snowman" (Warner Bros. W 1484, $3.98). Another kind of mélange is provided for those who would like to spend a good old-fashioned ungrammatical Christmas with Walter Brennan. Between choral vocalizings of "White Christmas" "Silent Night" and "Come All Ye Faithful," Brennan offers monologues on the theme of the rustic's sons who won't be home for Christmas, "A Farmer's Christmas Prayer," "Henry Had a Merry Christmas," etc. (Liberty LRP 3257, $3.98). The sleeve is decorated with an autographed likeness of Mr. Brennan (unfortunately, not in the guise of Santa Claus). For those of the younger but not the youngest generation, there are such "with" Christmas offerings as "Christmas with the Everly Brothers and the Boys Town Choir" (Warner Bros. W. 1483, $3.98), which pursues a traditional way from "Adeste Fideles" through "The First Noel" and "Silent Night" to "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly." Substantially, this is more Boys Town than Everly Brothers; though, as the annotation has it, "Phil solos on 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' " and Don joins on "What Child Is This?" About as far from Boys Town as possible is "This Time of Year," a disk modestly introduced by the liner comment as making "Christmas a song only June Christy could sing" (Capitol ST 1605, $4.98). All the material is by Arnold Miller and Connie Pearce, arranged by Pete Rugolo, and is of a pop character which may better be described as Christmas-seasoned than of the Christmas season.

For obvious reasons of repertory, favorite geographical locations for Christmas visiting by disk are the German homes of "Stille Nacht," and "O Tannenbaum." And among the best choir performances of these and other favorites are those to be heard from the Bielefelder Kinderchor (Capitol St 10308, $4.98.) This is a new collection which replaces the one cited favorably here several years ago. Other items include "Von Himmel hoch," "Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen," "In dulci jubilo," "Alle Jahre wieder," etc., all sung with simple purity and a grateful lack of "modernization" (note the charming solo in "Josef lieber Josef"). However, to provide a range of products appealing to all tastes, Capitol is also offering (ST 1781, $4.98) a "Merry Hawaiian Christmas" introducing performances, under the direction of Webley Edwards, of "Kani Kani Pele," "Pomaikai Wale Ko Ke Ao," "Ka Hikina Mai," and "Hele Mai Oukou," among others. For those who are not ashamed to admit their ignorance of Hawaiian, the titles may be translated as "Jingle Bells," "Joy to the World," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," and "Hele Mai Oukou" . . . pardon, "O Come All Ye Faithful." A short frolic of special interest is a local and charming version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

Thankfully, however, it's always possible to find among the quantity some glimmer of quality. This year it is provided in basic form on London OS 25735, which utilizes the spacious background of the King's College Chapel, Cambridge (England), for the sound of "Adeste Fideles," "O little town of Bethlehem," "Shepherds in the field abiding," and lesser-known material performed by the choir of King's College. For the concluding "Fantasia on Christmas Carols" by Ralph Vaughan Williams the choir is joined by bass-baritone Hervey Alan and the London Symphony Orchestra. It is a tasty piece beautifully performed under the direction of David Willcocks, who is also responsible for several of the excellent choir arrangements.

A more sophisticated kind of pleasure is offered on (RCA-Victor LM-LSC 2613, $4.98/$5.98) which promises another form of "with," this time "with Marian Anderson." Thanks, however, to Robert Russell Bennett's artistically ingenious arrangements for a small orchestra and choral group with and around Miss Anderson's voice, the versions of "Silent Night," "Deck the Halls," "The First Noël," and almost all the other traditional songs of Christmas have a sound as well as a feeling of their own. The performance particularly fulfils the promise in Miss Anderson's perpetuation of a personal tradition of her own: Schubert's "Ave Maria," recorded for the third time. In some ways this successor to her prior versions of 1936 and 1946 is the most emotionally charged of the three. It is obviously more difficult for her to keep her voice straight and her pitch accurate now (verging on sixty) than it was fifteen or twenty-five years ago. But the very effort she expends, and the substantial success she achieves, speak of a devotion hard to overestimate.

FINALLY, and as a special bonus to those who have persisted this far, through thick and thick, Crosby and Brennan, Christy and Webly Edwards, a hint as to the reappearance (in slightly altered guise) of one of the most delightfully different manifestations of the Christmas spirit to appear in many years. This is the collection of Czech "Pastorellas" heartily recommended two years ago on Supraphon LPV 346. This hard-to-find release is now available in the "Musica Antiqua Bohemica" series (No. 7), where it also bears the number A 19038.

The newer commentary is more illuminating than its predecessor and the illustrations are also enticing: but what is essentially gratifying are the fine performances of the folk-derived melodies artfully elaborated by such eighteenth-century Czech composers as Linek, Koutník and Milcinsky. The results, as in "Goodnight my Little Jesus" and "My Lovely Nightingale," are not unworthy of comparison with the slow sections of some Mozart masses or of the "Exsultate Jubilate." Vlasta Urbanová, in particular, is a fine soloist and the recording of the other voice, and of the Prague Symphony directed by Ladislav Sip, if not ultrafi, is good.

In any case, as they say on Capitol ST 1781, a "Mele Kalikimaka" to you and yours. —I.K.

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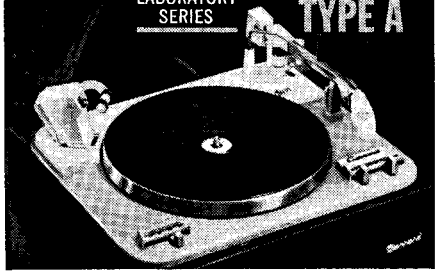

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

BRUCE AND THE "SQUARES"

A WEIRD thing about the comedy of Lenny Bruce is the way it elicits different emotional responses from members of his audience. Because this is an *emotional* reaction, a person discussing Lenny Bruce often reveals a great deal about himself and very little about Mr. Bruce. The man is honest-to-goodness walking-talking Rorschach test . . . by his words ye shall know his listeners.

Mr. Williams offers a rather mild illustration of this phenomenon when he mentions Bruce's bit about going through the Five and Ten and says that one gets the feeling that Bruce is not conceding that he would actually do anything so square as spend idle time in the local Woolworth's and "the joke is really on those who would." In other words, Williams attributes a hipper-than-thou attitude to Bruce and then resents it. His interpretation probably has nothing to do with Bruce's actual words or intent, but might possibly be due to his own personal feelings of square-ish inferiority which were vaguely aroused. A unique feature of Bruce's humor is his self-scrutiny, his ability to see himself, as well as others, as an absurd target at which to poke fun. I think that if Bruce *were* to put down five-and-dime amblers, he'd be smiling foremost at himself.

No need to feel squarer-than-he, Mr. Williams: A friend of mine saw Mr. Bruce in a local Kresge's recently, rummaging through notions and office supplies, buying trinkets for his daughter, eating pink ice cream at the lunch counter . . . not such very hep happenings, huh?

There is some hip and some square in all of us—Lenny Bruce included. And part of Mr. Bruce's talent lies in his recognition of this. He never stands back and laughs at "you squares," but rather at "us squares" . . . all of us . . . himself not excepted.

HOPE HAWORTH.

Detroit, Mich.

GROSSMAN ON RECORD

JUST ONE minor correction to Lawrence Cohn's otherwise estimable roundup of folk music recordings [*SR*, Dec. 8]. Contrary to Mr. Cohn's statement, Electra EKL 215 is not folksinger Bob Grossman's first recorded effort. In 1960 Eureka Records, a small Los Angeles label, released a disc "Cosmo Alley Presents Bob Grossman" (501) by the then nineteen-year-old singer.

PETER J. WELDING.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is not favored with Eureka releases.*

PRAISE FROM FORT WORTH

AS CHAIRMAN of the Van Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition, I wish to thank you and the publishers of *SR* for your splendid cooperation in the articles which you printed in our behalf, the first by Carl Battaglia and the last article by our good friend Paul Hume. We feel that the article by Mr. Hume was a wonderful one in all respects except he left out the names of three of the sponsors, namely, the Fort Worth Piano Teachers Forum, which was the working organization of the competition; the National Guild of Piano Teachers, whose organization contributed the $10,000 prize, which was the inspiration of the competition; and the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce. Texas Christian University was also a sponsor, but they were mentioned three times in the first three paragraphs. Naturally, the

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other sponsors have felt badly about this and I hope you can clear this up in your next issue.

GRACE WARD LANKFORD, F.I.A.T.
Chairman of Competition
Fort Worth, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Hume's concern was the outcome of the contest, rather than its sponsors. However, Texas Christian U. being the locale of the competition, it could hardly be ignored.*

ANOTHER "SUPREME" BACH PLAYER

DONALD N. ENDICOTT's reference [*SR*, Nov. 24] to recording artists of Bach's keyboard music other than Miss Tureck is accurate —as far as it goes. Mr. Endicott and others in quest of supreme Bach will find it in recordings of both books of the "Well-Tempered Clavier," by Istvan Nadas, a Hungarian-American pianist.

These, I have discovered, are released by Repertoire Records of 7 Front Street in San Francisco and are in the Schwann Catalog. These disks are a treasured "find" which, unlike some other rare treasures, I am pleased to share.

LEONARD W. JARED.
Tiburon, Calif.

SATURDAY REVIEW

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Let's Be Adult

Continued from page 9

try to frighten the United States into Communism.

My quarrel with my government, as well as with the governments of friend and foe alike, is, therefore, that they have not convinced even themselves that a world without war is worth a supreme effort. No nation has ever tried an all-out, concerted, organized offensive against war as the method of settling international disputes. Many have joined together in treaties, agreements, leagues, and associations such as the United Nations, but each of them has always felt it necessary to reserve the right, out loud, to take unilateral military action should *they* deem it necessary.

Up until the era of the nuclear weapon this preoccupation with force-as-policy was neither surprising nor particularly vulnerable to criticism. Most wars arose from the desire for power or aggrandizement or the annexation of valuable territory. It seemed worth the time and expense of most nations either to plan for or to guard against aggression for such purposes. But it is no longer as simple as that, nor are the consequences of a shooting war in the same league today with those of times past. Therefore, if we are interested in survival, and most human beings are, we are forced in our own self-interest to find honorable alternatives to shooting.

It is all very well to swagger and strut and warn of our power and defy the antagonist to knock off the chip. Play-acting of this sort may still carry considerable weight in the playground, but not in twentieth-century diplomacy, because the nuclear weapon has in fact become the "great equalizer" between the warring "camps." A new way of impressing the adversary must therefore be found which will have the effect of removing the wholly uncalled-for pressures that characterize the cold war impasse.

No one has all the answers, but they exist somewhere, and they will be found. On the level of brute, man-to-man contention, we humans have often come to the realization that fighting is not as important as learning to get along; we have come to understand that the energy, substance, and blood wasted in fighting can be put to far better use in peaceful, cooperative pursuits. In such situations, neither man need be "afraid" of the other's strength. Each man may well figure he has a good chance of winning any set-to, regardless of his antagonist's brawn. Yet both men can find in judging each other's potential that there is room for respect, even without total agreement, and can find that this respect leads gradually to cooperation and perhaps even to friendship. Is such an evolving friendship impossible between nations? It has, after all, not proved impossible between neighbors, between communities, between cities and states.

BUT such respect and cooperation do need a new atmosphere, a new environment in which to thrive. And the more we yip and yap about how we should not only flex but *use* our muscles, the further we remove ourselves and our friends from that environment. Let me be quite clear: no one disapproves more than I do of being pushed around. I have the same wholly human reactions to indignity and injustice as most men. I do not advocate "turning the other cheek" as the preferred path to peace; rather, I insist that we can block or parry the first blow, thus making the "turning" unnecessary. But, though I understand human reaction, I cannot condone either the belligerence of the Communist line or the counterbelligerence which that line creates. Both reactions, are simply not adult, in the light of the holocaust to which they can lead.

So we must give more thought and attention to what I call the "Three A's": the *Attitude* which can help create the *Atmosphere* in which we can take the *Action* which will lead us and our adversaries away from the brink *together*. Neither of us really wants to jump off: this would mean destruction for us both. Why not, then, put as much thought and energy into creating and developing such a course of action as we do in creating and developing ever newer and more devastating weapons? Which course is more likely to be our salvation in the long run? Which makes more sense? Let's try being adult.

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Visconti

Continued from page 19

to get world-wide distribution. It won several international awards for Visconti, though there were some who felt its dramaturgy listed toward the Japanese in that it seemed to have a beginning, a middle, and an end, and then a middle again. In less Aristotelian terms this simply means that Rocco probably had too many brothers.

Visconti's strong points are possibly also his faults—the lengthy footage he needs to create a full-bodied character, his loving attention to detail (filling perfume bottles with real perfume), his theatrical approach to film-making. He has been called a mannerist and a minutiae man.

During the filming of "The Leopard," he once spent two hours personally stuffing a mattress Lancaster sleeps on. "The mattress was never even on camera," Lancaster said, "but Luchino felt its lumpy reality would help the scene. It did." Anything he can do to help the verisimilitude of a scene, he does. Naturally this sort of thing begs exaggeration, and the Italian press had him flying tea roses from Rome "to match the chromatic sensibilities of the film."

In Sicily he would not be rushed or compromised. When his producers suggested that a particular sequence could be filmed as authentically in Rome, Visconti told them: "You are asking for a miracle—and a Saint Luchino does not exist." It was shot in Sicily.

With "The Leopard," Visconti has had for the first time to face the problem of filming a "book."

"I have stuck very close to Lampedusa," Visconti said, "but I have amplified some of the things—like the collective life around the Prince—which interested Lampedusa less. And I end the film with the Ponteleone Ball, which, after all, is the climax. I threw away six scripts before I got one with the right cut."

But it would be hard to think of a director better suited to film Prince Giuseppe di Lampedusa's portrait of an aristocracy crumbling than Count Don Luchino Visconti di Modrone, who traces his ancestry back to Desiderius, father-in-law of Charlemagne.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1499

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Sailing races, organized; originally a gondola race in Venice.

B. Graafian follicles (2 wds.).

C. Truthtelling.

D. Unpleasant apprehension arising from mistrust of another; an emotion that "angel bosams" do not know.

E. In a different manner.

F. Fells (2 wds., sounding like a Spoonerism of the name of a popular TV personality).

G. State of blackness.

H. Amer. best-selling author who was one of Fred Allen's writers (full name).

I. Most gross, low and unrefined.

J. In good condition or health; meeting requirements of a norm (colloq.; (4 wds.).

K. Astronomy's term for the point of an orbit at which the planet is in conjunction or opposition with its sun.

Strong, powerful (NW U.S. Chinook jargon now in the language).

WORDS

188 29 212 80 90 43 117

204 68 9 178 74 98 196

75 105 71 177 189 66 158 8 39

194 119 86 106 51 63 151 134

62 163 48 13 55 198 109 183 114

57 127 149 115 15 10 186 52

1 60 7 137 165 45 97 77

175 76 19 126 93 88 85 2 121 168

157 145 104 56 199 139 132 78 28

111 193 201 5 179 144 154 113 130 101 41

46 205 140 102 24 162

116 21 65 110 81 172 125

DEFINITIONS

M. Luxurious support for the head (2 wds.).

N. Very faint telescopic object in the heavens.

O. A morbid psychological "complex", often resulting in exaggerated aggressiveness.

P. River nymph.

Q. The blare of a trumpet.

R. Following *Rio*, the play which opened Manhattan's Ziegfeld Theatre, 1927.

S. Taking part in an African hunting expedition (2 wds.).

T. Utter so that another may write down.

U. Describing a torrent of anything which has not been slowed down or stopped.

V. Make a harsh, offensive noise.

W. A favorite urban pursuit of the sophisticated.

X. Directly in defiance (of; 3 wds.).

Y. Kiln for drying tobacco.

Z. Most sprucely dressed.

WORDS

128 164 35 67 153 22 4 138 206 47

142 82 170 180 133 210 87 112 33 91 161

147 30 69 42 135 192 209 176 20 96 61

6 200 40 190

3 169 27 38 103 100 54

203 123 95 99

70 37 17 150 156 166 59 124

208 107 31 50 181 148 136

195 182 16 120 202 143 141 64

174 49 159 92 12 160 58 207 167

146 72 36 14 122 185 155 108 89 129 23 118

11 211 84 191 53 173 26 73 131 44

171 187 25 197

94 152 34 184 83 32 79 18

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 G	2 H	3 Q		4 M	5 J	6 P	7 G		8 C	9 B	10 F		11 X
	12 V	13 E	14 W	15 F		16 U		17 S	18 Z	19 H	20 O	21 L	22 M	23 W	24 K		25 Y
26 X	27 Q	28 I	29 A	30 O	31 T	32 Z		33 N	34 Z		35 M	36 W	37 S	38 Q		39 C	40 P
41 J	42 O		43 A	44 X	45 G	46 K		47 M	48 E	49 V	50 T		51 D	52 F		53 X	54 Q
55 E	56 I	57 F		58 V	59 S	60 G		61 O	62 E	63 D		64 U	65 L	66 C	67 M	68 B	
69 O	70 S	71 C		72 W	73 X	74 B	75 C	76 H	77 G	78 I		79 Z	80 A	81 L	82 N		83 Z
84 X		85 H	86 D	87 N		88 H	89 W	90 A		91 N	92 V	93 H	94 Z	95 R		96 O	97 G
	98 B	99 R	100 Q	101 J	102 K		103 Q		104 I	105 C	106 D	107 T	108 W	109 E	110 L	111 J	112 N
	113 J	114 E	115 F	116 L	117 A	118 W	119 D		120 U	121 H	122 W		123 R		124 S	125 L	126 H
127 F	128 M	129 W	130 J	131 X	132 I	133 N	134 D		135 O	136 T	137 G	138 M	139 I	140 K	141 U	142 N	
143 U	144 J	145 I	146 W		147 O	148 T		149 F	150 S	151 D		152 Z		153 M	154 J	155 W	156 S
157 I	158 C	159 V		160 V	161 N	162 K		163 E	164 M		165 G	166 S	167 V	168 H		169 Q	170 N
171 Y	172 L	173 X		174 V	175 H	176 O	177 C	178 B	179 J	180 N	181 T	182 U		183 E	184 Z	185 W	186 F
187 Y	188 A	189 C	190 P	191 X	192 O	193 J		194 D	195 U	196 B	197 Y		198 E	199 I	200 P	201 J	
202 U	203 R	204 B		205 K	206 M	207 V		208 T	209 O	210 N	211 X	212 A					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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